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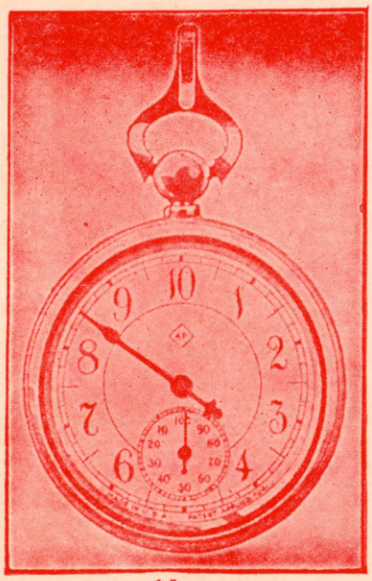

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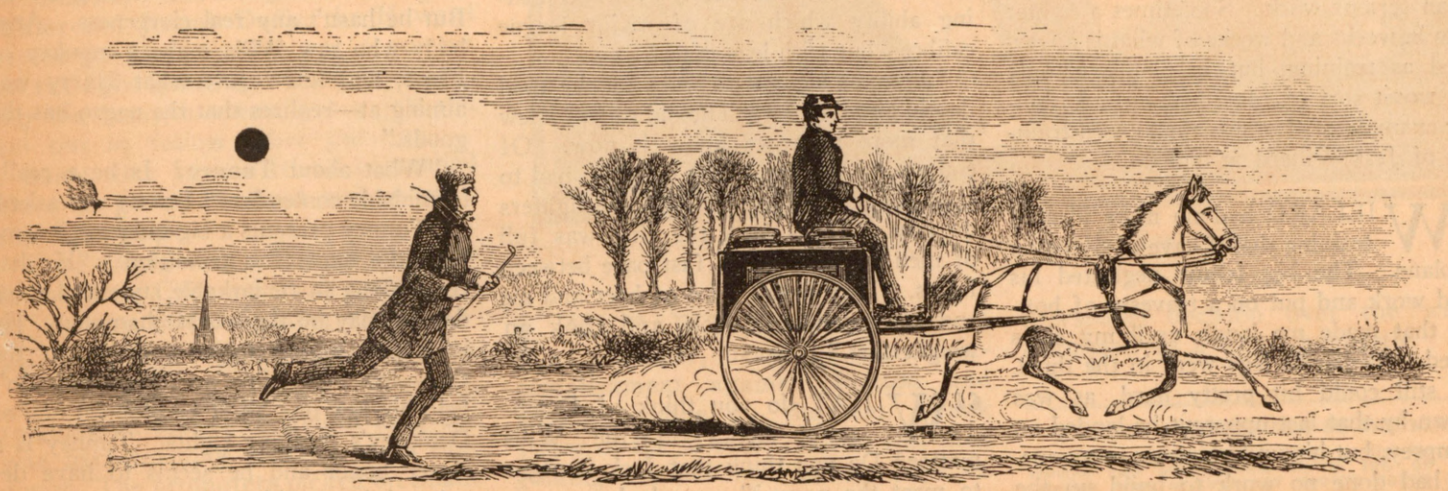
Training Then—Was Different from Now



The above woodcut shows how James C. Heenan trained for his bout with John Morrissey. Heenan, clad in his "sweating" clothes, rode out fifteen miles, and then raced the "flyer" home. He lost much flesh by the operation.

Bill Brown Chides Jack Dempsey For Dodging Tactics

By DANIEL

FEW boxing critics in this country are as well equipped as Bill Brown to pass judgment on condition and ability—so it was to Brown we went the other day for a little talk on Jack Dempsey and the general situation in the heavyweight division. Brown had seen the champion of the world on his arrival in New York from Europe and when we visited Bill at his health farm at Garrison-on-the-Hudson the trip proved well worth while.

"What do I think of Dempsey's condition? Why, I believe he could get into tip-top shape in not more than two months," said Brown after we had put the question to him.

"Dempsey looked a little heavy to me, but his waist line seemed to have been kept well within bounds. His neck is a trifle gross, which is only natural, for he has been living a soft and easy life for two years. Considering this fact, he is in remarkable shape.

"DEMPSEY could get ready for a fight with Wills in less than eight weeks," Brown went on. "You know, the old idea that a boxer must train for a big bout for weeks and weeks has been exploded—though I will say that most of our fighters haven't heard about it as yet. Over-long training makes a boxer too fine and hurts more than under-training.

"Two months of hard road work and hard work in the gymnasium will fit any fighter for a severe contest until he is organically unsound — and then he shouldn't be allowed to fight.

"Please understand me—by training I mean serious work. Sometimes a fighter puts in weeks and weeks of what is advertised as training, but in reality is only the worst sort of four-flushing. A shining example of that was the alleged training of Jess Willard at Toledo.

"WILLARD had no more idea of training than I have of flying an airplane. The big fellow neglected his road work and put on a travesty of boxing that made me laugh until my sides ached. Willard's legs went in the third. He still could hit pretty hard, as was shown by that last uppercut he landed on Dempsey, but his underpinning was gone. He had done no work to build up the strength of his legs.

"A boxer's legs are of ultra-vital importance. Willard learned that again against Firpo. No matter how hard you may be able to hit—no matter how much you may know about boxing, you can't deliver the goods unless your legs are all there. This holds good in all sports. How many ball players will you find in the minor leagues with batting eyes and fielding ability which are of major league calibre—but with legs gone?

Bill Brown

"A boxer has got to work on the road day in and day out. The old timers knew that more than we know it now. Of course, the boxers of the old days had to train longer and harder than the fighters do now. Years back the ring was full of men who lived at a fast pace between fights. They drank a lot of beer and ale and stronger stuff, too, and took on weight fast."

"WHAT do you think of Dempsey's tactics in the Wills matter? Do you think that Jack is eager to meet the negro?" we asked.

"Well, here's a topic on which I may become a little excited," replied Bill with a chuckle. "I think that Dempsey's actions in the Wills matter have disgusted thousands of ring followers in this country. 'Disgusted' is a strong term, but it tells the tale. Dempsey is courageous and game. They don't come any gamer. But he has been ill advised and has sailed a wrong course ever since he became champion. I thought that at last we had got a fighting champion, but Jack has been about as bad as Willard.

"Dempsey's talk of meeting setups as preliminaries to a fight with Tunney and placing the Wills bout at the very last of his tentative program means that Jack is afraid of Wills. Not afraid physically, but afraid of Wills' prowess as a boxer and afraid of losing his valuable title. Every move made by Dempsey indicates that he has a most wholesome respect for the negro. His talk of Tunney's being a more formidable challenger is just a lot of soft soap. Dempsey knows that Wills is the best contender and he is trying to put off meeting him as long as he can. I doubt if Dempsey ever will meet Wills."

"SUPPOSE Dempsey does fight Wills? What then?" we asked.

"Well, in that case I would be inclined to string along with Bill Brady," responded Brown." I agree with Mr. Brady in every detail of his views on that question. I believe that unless the fight is put off so long that age overtakes the negro, Wills would beat Dempsey. Harry is a master workman. He is clever, cool, and a hard hitter. Dempsey's tough and strong and a smashing driver. But he hasn't any real cleverness. Anybody who saw Wills make a monkey of Firpo, and knew just what Harry was aiming at—realizes that the negro has the goods."

"What about Tunney? Is he a really formidable contender?" Brown was asked.

"Tunney presents a big question," came back the expert on condition. "He has come along in remarkable style and some day he may be the world champion. He is a fine young man—a credit to the ring—but being fine and clean wouldn't help his jaw one bit if he stopped one of Dempsey's crashing rights. Tunney is a clever boxer and he seems to have developed into a hitter, too.

"It would be a wonderful thing for

(*Continued on page* 10)

California Couldn't "See" Dave Shade, Now a Sensation

By R. A. McNALLY

(Boxing Expert of the San Francisco Bulletin)

ONE night seven years ago the patrons of Al Young's fistic carnival in his old Sixteenth street arena were vastly amused when an uncouth, awkward lad who admitted to 16 summers clambered through the ropes for a four-round engagement.

It was the boy's first venture in the world of fistiana. He was to receive $5 if he won; nothing if he lost.

The novice went up against a chap named Young Garcia, a veteran as ring veterans go.

The unknown sprang a surprise. He beat Garcia and ambled home $5 richer.

A few weeks ago the same boy appeared before 50,000 fans gathered in the Polo Grounds in New York and before the vast assembly dispersed that night his name was on everybody's lips. He had accomplished the seemingly impossible in stopping the great Jimmy Slattery, up to then the fistic idol of Manhattan.

THERE is a time-worn saying that a prophet is without honor in his own land. What was true of many another boxer who hid his light under a bushel in his own home town was typically true of Dave Shade.

Dave did all his boxing in and around San Francisco, but failed to get beyond the admission of his friends that he was a pretty fair boy with the gloves. After two years of boxing in the local ranks, during which period he met boys like Frankie Farren, Joe Miller and Jimmy Duffy, the Howard street gangster trouble put a quietus on the fight game and Dave, abandoning the hempen arena, got a job and set out to follow other pursuits.

Some time later a friend persuaded Dave to go to Portland and re-enter the fight game.

Dave engaged in a few minor bouts in the Rose City and made quite a hit by his aggressive fighting style.

THEN one night Jack Britton dropped into town. Jack was reigning as the welterweight king and was barnstorming seeking some easy dough. The promoters picked on Shade as the punching bag for Britton.

Little did Britton count upon meeting a Tartar in Shade. He was prepared to give him a boxing lesson, and he did for three rounds, but before the bell rang for the end of the fourth round Shade uncorked a right swing from nowhere that connected with Britton's chin and sat the champ down for the count of nine.

Dave's rise on the Atlantic Coast was rapid. The boy whom fistic fans in San Francisco regarded with disdain made a big hit in the fight centers of the East. He licked every fighter his weight and took on Mickey Walker in a couple of bouts, losing one when he broke his hand, but getting the newspaper decision over the welter champion in a 12-round battle.

Mrs. Shade, Dave and His Son, Billy

LEO P. FLYNN, Dave's present manager, heard of Dave's accomplishment against Britton and sought to line up the trio. Frank Tabor of the Mission district was then guiding the destinies of the boys on the Coast. Responding to Flynn's pleas, Tabor took the trio East.

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Alibis and Counter-Alibis

Fitzsimmons Went Corbett One Better in Excusing Defeat by Jeffries

By A. D. PHILLIPS

RECENT articles in The Ring entitled, "They Never Are At a Loss For An Excuse," have called attention to alibis furnished by champions and near champions when they were defeated. From the days of Figg to the present time, scarcely a title holder has gone down to defeat who has not offered some weird excuse for his downfall. In the last issue of The Ring, one of the alibi incidents dealt with the statement of Jim Corbett after his defeat at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons. In that statement, Corbett was credited with saying that Fitz's solar plexus was a pure myth. He declared there was no such blow and that he, Corbett, was not knocked out. "I was conscious but because of the high altitude, the air was so thin that I could not get it back into my lungs in time to get up," were Corbett's words.

But why rub it into Corbett? At least Gentleman Jim did not take two months to think it over as did Bob Fitzsimmons when he met defeat at the hands of Jim Jeffries. Of the most weird alibis ever made, I think that of Fitz on this occasion takes first prize.

IN a long statement to the press two months after the bout, Fitz declared he was drugged and attributed the loss of the bout to the dastardly machinations of some person or persons with whom he had such confidential relations that he had no reason to suspect they would participate in such a scheme. His statement made in the presence of the writer, a veteran who has seen the leading fistic luminaries of America battle during the past forty years, made Fitz the laughing stock of the sporting world.

I personally saw the fight and whether Freckled Bob believed what he said about being drugged or whether his object was to invite sympathy and make his claim for another contest with Jeffries seem more plausible, is something I do not know, but suffice it to say his eleventh hour squeal did him no good. My personal opinion is that the blow he received over the head in the second round, a punch which landed him on his back was hard enough to make him forget he was alive.

Fitz's public statement, made in the presence of the writer, follows:

"IT is not my intention to make a specific charge against any man. It is impossible for me to point to the man who was responsible for my condition on the night of June 9, when I fought Jeffries, but this I do know, and I say it with emphasis and with full knowledge of the consequences, I was drugged by some one, and it is only natural to suppose that there was a conspiracy to accomplish my defeat. I went to the ring in good condition. I was fit to fight, and did fight to my entire satisfaction for two rounds.

"In the second, it will be remembered, I was knocked down. That blow did not hurt me, and, in fact, would not have even staggered me had it not caught me just at a moment when I was resting far back on my heels. I came up not in the least dazed and was feeling as good as new when I went to my corner.

"During the rest between the second and third round I took a long drink of mineral water, and following that I have only a hazy recollection of one or two incidents of the fight.

"The next day I was physically as well as I was before I went into the fight. But my mind was almost a blank, and continued so for nearly two months. This condition gradually wore away, and little by little I regained my former strength of mind.

"Finally when the affairs of the night of the fight began to become tangible I made an inquiry, and I believe that I discovered just how the drug was administered. I provided for my use during the fight a lot of mineral water in bottles. As the gas was likely to distress me, I told Julian to uncork the bottles and let them stand for some time so that the gas might escape.

"He told me that he had done this, and that he had given the water to one of my attendants, who took it into the box office to guard it. This man told me that while he was in the box office and had the water under his care, two of the men who were most prominent in backing Jeffries entered the room. One of them engaged him in earnest conversation, and for a moment he lost sight of the other. He did not say that the water was drugged at that time, and neither do I say so now, but I am convinced that the drug was given to me in that water."

The above photo shows Jim Jeffries' training quarters at Allenhurst, N. J., in June, 1899, for his bout with Bob Fitzsimmons. Left to right: Jack Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, Jim Jeffries and Jim Daly. Billy Delaney is sitting.

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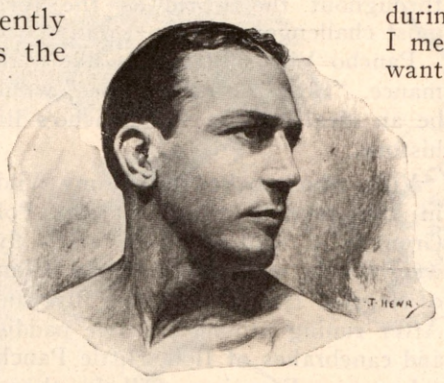

Where and **how** can you get that, you ask. Let the peerless one, the great Jim Corbett, answer that for you. **Corbett said "Benny Leonard is the finest example of what physical training means to a man."**

Corbett said that because he is a very keen student of physical training himself and he **knows.** He is aware that as a lad I was puny and frail and weak. He is familiar with the manner in which I applied myself to discovering ways of getting strength, muscle and all around physical supremacy. He saw me lick every opponent in sight and wrest the **world's championship** from that great master Freddie Welsh. He saw me hold that championship against all contenders during eight long years of fierce battling. I met them all—I gave everybody who wanted a whack at me a chance to inflict their worst possible punishment. **I have remained undefeated!** How did I do it? I did it thru the most marvelous discovery of physical cultivation that has ever been made. A system of unique training which placed me and kept me at the very top of physical achievement—**the championship of the world.**

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John Gray,
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Samuel Rubin,
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Arthur Leslie,
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Dorothy Knapp,
The American Venus of the Ziegfeld Follies,
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Wm. D. Haddon,
533 W. Dayton St., Madison, Wis.

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Grim Reaper Removes Two Fistic Stars

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN

THE boxing world was shocked last month by the untimely deaths of two great fighters—Pancho Villa, world's flyweight champion and Vincent Pepper Martin, junior lightweight of Brooklyn, N. Y. Few boxers of the last decade possessed more color than these two and their passing is mourned by a multitude of fight fans. Both died when at the height of their career and at a time when they were on the threshold of many important, lucrative bouts. Only a few weeks ago Martin came within an ace of winning the world's junior lightweight crown from Mike Ballerino.

The tragic death of Villa was the second in the history of modern pugilism in which a champion, while at the height of his career, passed into the Great Beyond. Only one other champion died while still cloaked in the mantle of a fistic king. He was the great Stanley Ketchel, probably the greatest middleweight, next to Bob Fitzsimmons, the world has ever seen. The boxing world was shocked by the shooting of Ketchel on October 12, 1910, at Springfield, Mo. Just as Villa's death removed from boxing the greatest foreign fighter that has come to these shores in twenty years, so Ketchel's passing removed a wizard of the ring whose likes we have yet to see in the middleweight ranks.

THE present situation, is more clear than when the only other ring champion to die as titleholder passed away. When Ketchel, the Michigan Assassin, was shot and killed at Conway, Billy Papke, former champion, claimed the title. Claims also were lodged in 1912, after Papke and Cyclone Johnny Thompson, another claimant, outgrew the division, by Jimmy Clabby, Frank Klaus, Mike Gibbons, Eddie McGoorty, Jack Dillon and George Chip.

Out of this confused situation came the memorable bout in Brooklyn in which Al McCoy knocked out Chip in 1914, and was recognized as champion. Then Mike O'Dowd knocked out McCoy; Johnny Wilson beat O'Dowd and Harry Greb, present champion, beat Wilson.

Villa's death, on the other hand, should automatically give to Genaro the world's flyweight title. At least this is the writer's opinion. There are none to dispute the validity of Genaro's position. The little west side Italian twice defeated Villa before the latter won the title. Genaro was recognized here and practically throughout the world as the foremost challenger of Villa

Pancho Villa's life reads like a romance. "From Rags to Riches" would be an ideal caption for Pancho's life history.

Villa, who knocked out Jimmy Wilde in the seventh round at the Polo Grounds in 1923 for the world's flyweight title, was born in Iloilo, Island of Negros. His parents were Bisayans. After runing around the rice paddies and canebrakes of Iloilo, little Pancho —he was Francisco Gilledo then— drifted to Manila.

ONE day Francisco Villa, one of the officials of the Olympic A. C., passed a public school playground in Manila. Some of the boys were playing with boxing gloves. One of them was little, yellow skinned, sloe-eyed tawny-thatched Francisco Gilledo. Villa saw how naturally quick and alert young Gilledo was and how, without any instruction or knowledge he seemed to take to boxing like a duck to water.

In those days they used to run four round novice bouts at the Olympic A. C. The boys were paired off according to weight and age. Villa took little Gilledo to the Olympic A. C. and entered him in one of the novice tournaments. Gilledo was a sensation.

Senor Villa promptly adopted Gilledo and started him actively in the game of boxing. He officially gave him his own name of Villa—Francisco Villa. The Filipino fans, however, seeing what a terror young Villa, nee Gilledo, was in action, promptly fastened the nom de guerre of Pancho upon him, calling him after the famous Mexican insurrectionist, whose name and deeds were on every tongue in Manila in those days. It was often Pancho showed merit as a novice that Frank Churchill, motion picture and sports promoter took him under his guidance.

VILLA'S rise from a barefoot boy in the rice paddies of the Philippines, to the championship at his weight, with all that the championship meant in glory and gold, reads like a fiction story.

His life story is closely entwined with that of Frank Churchill, who took him in hand when he was a ragged urchin hanging around the Olympic Club in Manila, where Churchill was matchmaker and part owner. Frank warmed to the youngster from the start. Their relation was more that of father and son than manager and boxer.

Villa was one of the greatest favorites the American boxing public ever has had. His colorful fighting, his big heart and his genial disposition won the hearts of the fans as soon as they came to know him. His loss is truly mourned. He was by far the most picturesque fighter the American ring has seen in the last decade.

His title never rested heavily upon him. As champion, he was the same gay, light hearted playful little fellow that he was as a humble contender.

Pancho Villa made good from the start. He whipped everything of his own weight and heavier. Filipino, Yankee, Australian, Englishman, they all looked alike to Pancho the Puncher.

Villa never had a really hard fight. Frank Churchill under whose direction Villa came to this country, declared that the only hard fight the battling Bisayan had in the island was one with Battling Ballerino, the Jersey Italian, who soldiered in the Philippines and fought Villa a dozen times. In one of the fights Ballerino now world's junior lightweight champion floored Villa twice, only to have Pancho make him pay dearly for it.

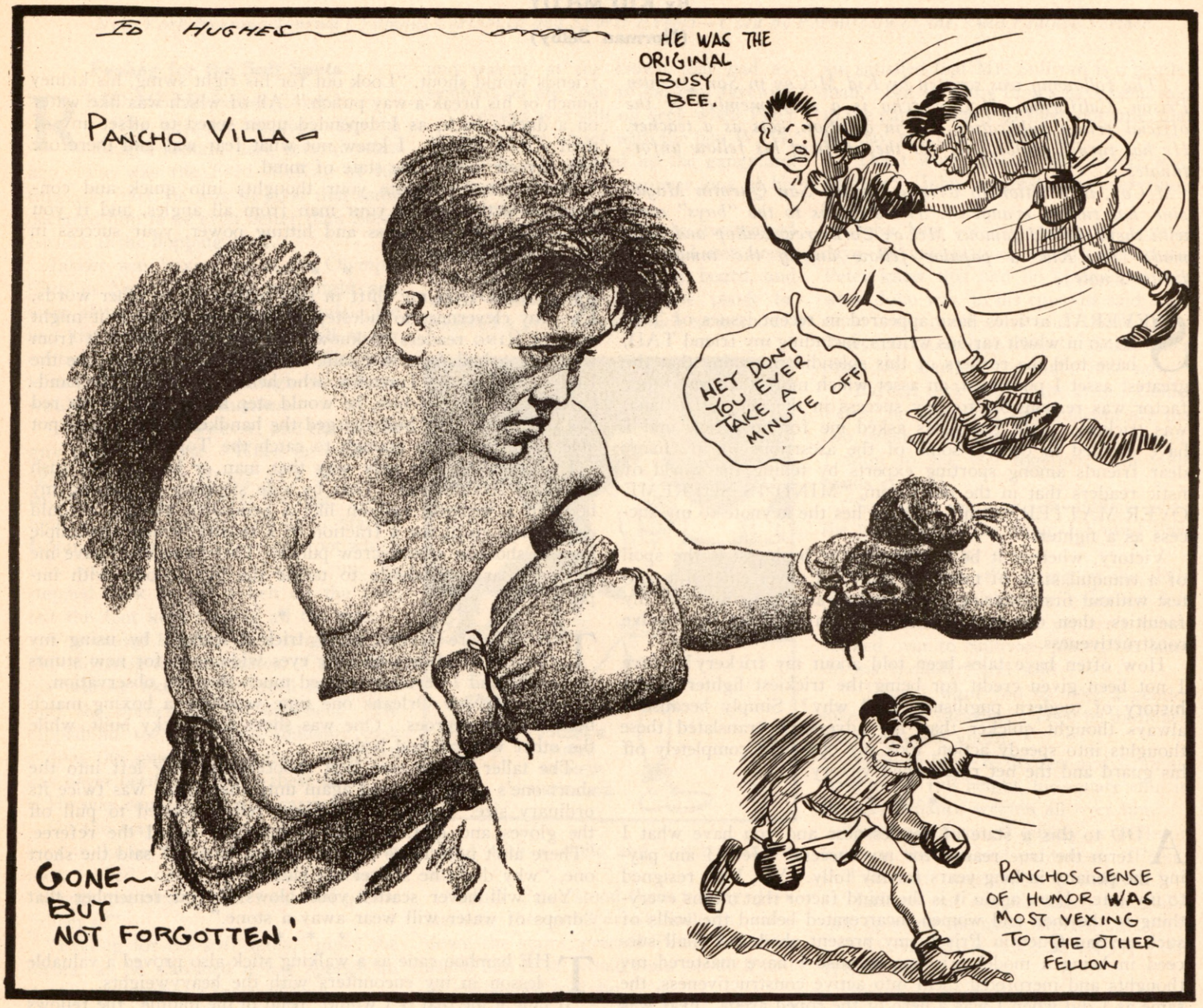
VILLA was the first of his race to hold a world's boxing championship. He was born in the wilds of the islands August 1, 1901. He began his boxing career in 1909, when he was discovered by Churchill, who was then serving as an athletic director in the islands and who later directed the youngster to the world's flyweight championship.

Villa won the flyweight and bantamweight championships of the Orient and was brought to the United States where he became a success and a big drawing card from the start.

Villa had the priceless gift of personality. He introduced into the country new ring manners that won him favor.

We Mourn His Loss

By Ed. Hughes



It was his custom to be first in the ring and as his opponent came down to the scene of battle Pancho invariably would cross the ring to meet him, raise the ropes, help his foe to his corner and shake hands as though they were the best of friends.

HE had been in the United States little more than a year when he won the American flyweight championship from Johnny Buff, the veteran New Jersey boxer, who had held both the flyweight and bantamweight championship.

In February, 1923, Villa met Frankie Genaro, the 1920 Olympic flyweight champion, and was defeated, losing the American title.

Villa, however, won the world's championship in the fall when he knocked out Jimmy Wilde, the little Englishman, in a sensational contest at the Polo Grounds.

He engaged in eleven contests last year, but his opponents, with the exception of Frankie Ash, were very ordinary. He was matched to meet Genaro for the world's championship, and when he asked for a postponement on account of a sore shoulder the New York Boxing Commission gave him six months to recover.

He went back to his home, and returned only recently to California, where he was beaten by Johnny McLarnin, a California youngster. His opponent was over weight, however, by a clause in the contract, and the title did not change hands. It was this fight that caused Villa's death. He was warned against boxing McLarnin because of an infected jaw and tooth, but insisted on going through with his contract in order not to handicap the promoters.

Spike Webb, boxing instructor of the Annapolis championship team is making the cruise with the middies. Spike came here two days before Pancho Villa died and had a long conversation with him. Pancho told Webb that many good boys are being developed in Manila. Webb was a mourner at Villa's funeral. Spike said to the writer that he never knew a fighter who possessed more courage than Pancho. Spike also had a world of praise for the Coast sportsmen he came in contact with.

How I Attained Success as a Fighter

By KID McCOY

(Norman Selby)

(The following was written by Kid McCoy in San Quentin Prison, California. McCoy, who is a staff member of the official prison publication and in addition, acts as a teacher. He has turned philosopher for the uplift of his fellow unfortunates.

McCoy, in addition to writing for the San Quentin Magazine, has turned evangelist. His sermons to the "boys" carry with them the old famous McCoy Corkscrew wallop and have made "The Kid" a popular fellow among the inmates.—Editor's note).

SEVERAL articles have appeared in recent issues of THE RING in which various writers, including my friend TAD, have told the readers of this splendid magazine that the greatest asset I possessed, an asset which more than any other factor was responsible for my success in the field of fistiana, was trickery. THE RING has asked me for an article and I have decided to correct some of the asesrtions of my many dear friends among sporting experts by telling the world of fistic readers that in the old axiom, "MIND IS SUPREME OVER MATTER," in my opinion, lies the keynote to my success as a fighter.

Victory, whether it be in pugilism or business, is the spoil of a tranquil state of mental activity. I never entered a contest without first assuring myself I had absolute control of my faculties, then directing my thoughts in the ring into active constructiveness.

How often have tales been told about my trickery? Have I not been given credit for being the trickiest fighter in the history of modern pugilism? And why? Simply because I always thought quicker than my adversary, translated these thoughts into speedy action, took my opponent completely off his guard and the net result spelt victory.

* * *

ADD to this a state of fearlessness and you have what I term the true reason for my success. Here I am paying the penalty in long years for my folly. Yet, I am resigned to my fate. Here again it is the mind factor that means everything to the men and women incarcerated behind the walls of such as San Quentin Prison, my present abode. I shall succeed in being a model prisoner because I have mastered my thoughts and inerpreted them into active constructiveness, the same as I did when I was a hero of the roped arena. Fear was never part of my makeup and never shall be.

During my career as a boxer, the advice and warnings my friends would shout, "Look out for his right swing, his kidney punch or his break-a-way punch." All of which was like water on a duck's back, as I depended upon speed to offset any of their strong points. I knew not what fear was and therefore kept myself in a subtle state of mind.

Be fearless, translate your thoughts into quick and constructive action, study your man from all angles, and if you possess a little craftiness and hitting power, your success in the ring is assured.

* * *

REGARDING my shift in ring battles or, in other words, my cleverness to sidestep an opponent's blows, it might interest RING readers to know that I learned the shift from watching a bull fight in Spain. I noticed that every time the Bull rushed at the Toreador, who held a large red silk handkerchief in front of him, he would step aside, holding the red cloth in place. The bull charged the handkerchief but was not able to turn quickly enough to catch the Toreador.

I noticed that the only way that man or beast could rush was in a straight line. That by side stepping or moving my body in a weaving fashion like a pendulum swings, I could check their rush, for a fraction of a second, which was ample time to shoot in a corkscrew punch. That knowledge gave me the necessary confidence to tackle the big fellows with impunity.

* * *

THERE are several other trick I learned by using my brains. I always had my eyes wide open for new stunts in boxing and I certainly gained much through observation.

I was in New Orleans one time watching a boxing match between two negroes. One was short and stocky built, while the other was tall and lanky.

The taller of the two kept shooting his long left into the short one's nose, time and again until that organ was twice its ordinary size. Suddenly the short fellow started to pull off the gloves and quit. "What is matter?" asked the referee. "There ain't no science in that kind of boxing," said the short one, "why don't he scatter his blows."

You will never scatter your blows if you remember that "drops of water will wear away a stone."

* * *

THE bamboo cane as a walking stick also proved a valuable lesson in my encounters with the heavyweights.

It taught me that if I would "bend in the middle" the fellows would not attempt to throw their weight on me, in their attempt to tire me out, in the clinches.

Bill Brown Chides Jack Dempsey

(*Continued from page* 4)

boxing if Tunney did gain the championship, but somehow or other the things which would be wonderful for boxing so seldom materialize.

"I HOPE that our boxing commissions will make Dempsey toe the mark just as they make the little fellows toe the mark. It would be a joke to let the champion meet Greb or Madden.

"When Fitzsimmons challenged Corbett, Jim didn't ask to fight some welterweight as a preliminary. He went out and met the challenger. When poor John L. was challenged by Corbett he was soft and fat and he really needed an easy fight to put him in shape. But he didn't ask for a warmup and went forth against the Californian.

"Years ago the fighters weren't as heady and as commercial as they are now. The actions of Dempsey years ago would have been construed as cowardice. But times have changed. A heavyweight champion of the world isn't ashamed to confess that he wants to meet a middleweight to get ready for a second rate heavyweight, and then meet another heavyweight and finally the real challenger.

"Times change—but I don't think the hearts of men change. Let Dempsey step out and fight men in his own class—and of his own class."

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Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Feature Service

Feeling for the Soft Spots

REMEMBER Jabber Carey? Yes, yes, the big guy. Yes, he fought around here several years ago. He was the Fred McKay of his time. In fact, he was so good that some declared him to be even better than Steve Brodie at the flopping stuff.

Jabber was boxing up at the Olympic Club in New York City one night and went along nicely for three rounds. He had the other fellow pretty well under control, peppering him with rights and lefts until it looked as though the referee would stop it at any moment.

The bell rang, however, and the beaten guy grabbed a rest. When he came up again, he was as strong as a bull. He backed the Jabber all over the ring. Carey took it for a minute and then started tapping the floor with his right foot which was well in the rear. Every time he stepped back he got a belt on the jaw, but the foot kept tapping all the time.

The crowd howled with delight to see the underdog turn the tables. Carey took his beating like a gent until he backed into the corner of his opponent. He tapped his toe again and suddenly took a dive, the speed and accuracy of which has never been equalled in these parts.

He was counted out and carried away.

On the way out Charley Harvey, anxious to know the secret of the tapping foot, asked one of Carey's seconds, "What's the idea of that foot stuff of the Jabber's?"

"Feeling for the soft spots," piped the second as he slammed a wet sponge on the beaten warrior's battered face.

* * *

When Sullivan Met Peter Jackson

Tim McGrath tells this story:

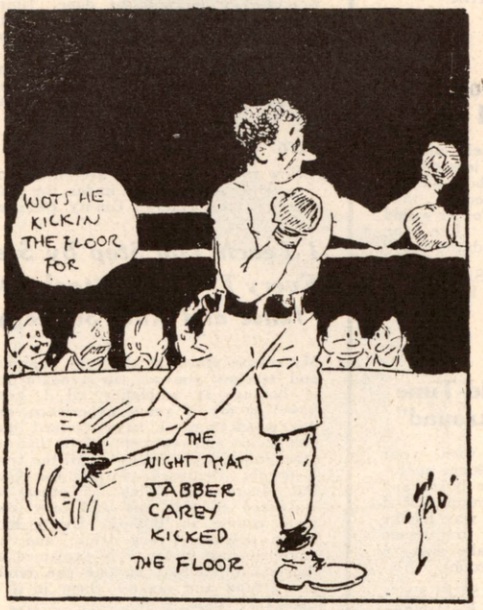
"Jerry Bourke, old-time newspaper man of San Francisco, for the last twenty years a resident of Chicago, dropped in and gave me a very interesting story about the first meeting between John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson.

"The meeting occurred on the Mariposa, the big liner that used to run between San Francisco and Australia, and on which Fitzsimmons, Griffo, Creedon and other great ones came to America.

"Sullivan was going to Australia with his combination of fighters and actors and had boarded the Mariposa long before the time of sailing. John, as might be expected, was feeling pretty 'glorious,' and he sat on the deck on a low chair, jumping two or three children on his knee and waving at the crowd that had assembled on the dock to bid him farewell.

"Sullivan was still on deck when Peter arrived at the wharf with the late W. W. Naughton and walked up the gangplank to say goodby to the engineer, one of his old friends.

"The crowd immediately recognized Peter, who, by the way, did not know that Sullivan was already on board, and when Peter walked up the plank he received a great cheer, which he acknowledged with a smile and a wave of his hand.



"While Peter stood there talking, Jack Barnett, the manager of Sullivan, came down the stairs, greeted Peter, and then asked him if he would come on deck and be introduced to John L.

"Peter hesitated. 'I am afraid that would not be the proper thing to do, Mr. Barnett,' he said.

"'Do you feel bitter toward Sullivan?' asked Barnett.

"'Not in the least,' replied Peter. 'I am satisfied that Mr. Sullivan is a gentleman. But so many things have been said in the papers, many of them not true, that he may not like to meet me.'

"'Don't worry about that, Peter,' said Barnett; 'John understands everything thoroughly.'

"John had been drinking for several days in anticipation of his departure. Peter knew this and he knew, too, that when John was 'in his cups' he said what came to his mind—and said it loudly. So Peter tried to excuse himself. 'Some other time, Mr. Barnett,' he said; 'now now.'

"Barnett took him by the arm. 'Come, Peter,' he said, 'you and Sullivan are the two greatest fighting men in the world. I want to see you together with your hands clasped.'

"So Peter, more or less dubious as to the propriety of the thing, followed Barnett to the deck.

"Sullivan was still sitting on the chair playing with the children. Barnett left Peter standing near the captain's cabin, walked over to Sullivan, placed his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"'John, I want you to meet a gentleman—Peter Jackson.' Then he motioned Peter to come ahead.

"Sullivan arose to his feet and straightened to his full height, his square chin in the air, defiance written all over him.

"Jackson advanced quietly, a smile on his face, the acme of politeness. 'Peter,' said Barnett, 'meet John L. Sullivan.'

"Jackson put out his hand, but Sullivan, ignoring the hand, blurted out:

"'I CAN LICK ANY MAN IN THE WORLD!'

"'And I,' said Peter, 'will fight any man in the world.'

"Sullivan stood for a moment, undecided, apparently, as to what to do or say next—probably a bit ashamed.

"Then he reached over and grasped Peter's still outstretched hand."

Evolution of the "Mitt"

By W. W. N.

Roman days; purseless days!
(Faith and that no jest is)
Parsley chaplet was the prize;
Hand encased in cestus.

Gentler days; P. R. days
Dawn from out the mists.
Ring is pitched upon the turf,
Weapons now—the fists.

Later still—Queensberry.
Name each bruiser loves;
Purses plenty—prance and pose—
Big fat cushiony gloves.

Jim and Kid, ye cop the cake;
Never were such fellows—
Use no cestus, fist or glove—
Simply wield the bellows!

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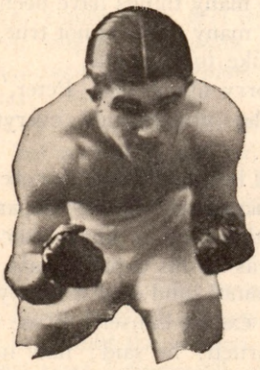
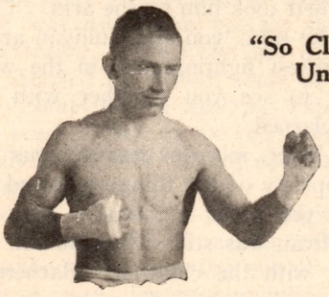


"Best Thing I Ever Saw"

"I never undertook anything in my life with such an ambition as I did your Course, owing to the fact that it is the best thing that I have ever had the good fortune to become familiar with. Heartiest and sincere congratulations for this mighty good work."

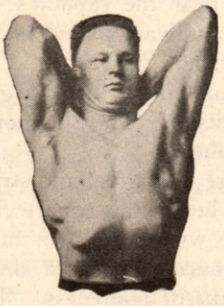
TOMMY GALSON,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
(Leading Contender for the Bantamweight Title.)



"So Clear Anyone Can Understand It"

"I am well pleased with your lessons and a fellow who could not be benefited by taking your Course would would be like the proverbial dumb-bell."

GEORGE SANDERS,
Little Rock, Ark.



"Made An Old-Time Boxer Step Around"

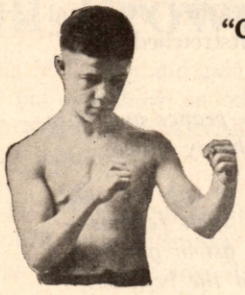
"I am overjoyed with your Course. I had the gloves on today with an old-time boxer and I made him step around. If I keep progressing the way I have since I received your first lesson I will be able to make many a good man take the count."

PROF. T. W. SEELEY,
Charlottetown, P. E., Islands.

"Plenty of Confidence in Your Instruction"

"I am getting along fine with your work and think it is great. My foot work is quicker and my improvement is wonderful. I have plenty of confidence in you and your instruction."

J. STEWART,
Washington, D. C.



"Can't Thank You Enough for Your Course"

"I don't know how to thank you for your lessons. I am very much satisfied with my development. My body feels stronger, my legs never get tired, my wind is strong, my eyes are getting keener and my hands can deliver a pretty good socker. You make everything so clear."

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My course starts at the very beginning and teaches you all the fundamentals of boxing. It embodies all I know based on my 35 years' experience, during which time I have trained more champions and real contenders than any other man living or dead. All the tricks I taught Dempsey, Firpo, Joe Gans, Pal Moore and a host of others are embodied in this one and only complete course in Boxing. Every blow, every defense, every trick, and new angle in ring strategy is explained and illustrated, so that anyone can readily understand and master them in a remarkably short time.

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In 20 short weeks you can be a finished boxer ready to take your place along with the best of the lads who are real drawing cards for bouts at the big fights. In a short time thereafter, by applying the principles I teach you, your name will rank as one of the clever boxers of your locality. Boys I am training, who a year ago were unheard of, are now fast approaching the championship titles and several of them are actually contenders.

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Each six months I select from each of the weight divisions the boys who make the best showing with my course. I pay their railroad fare and expenses to my Long Branch, N. J., training camp and finish off their training *in person* and *without cost*. Then "Tex" Rickard, greatest of all promoters has guaranteed to feaure them in bouts at his New Madison Square Garden in New York. This offer is open to everyone who takes the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course by Mail.

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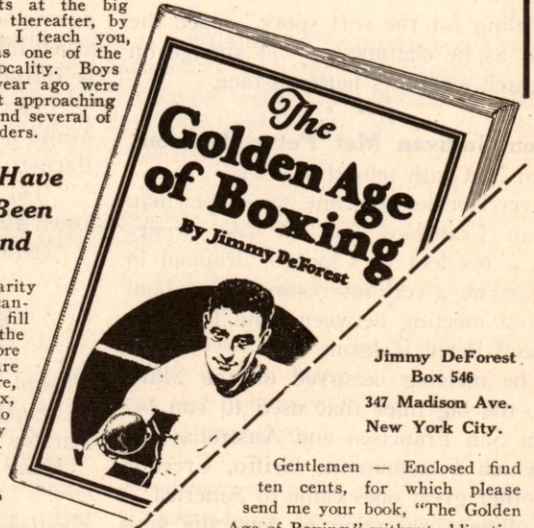

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My Hardest Fight

By SID TERRIS

One of New York's Leading Contenders for Lightweight Honors

DOING a friend a favor nearly ruined my career in the early part of 1923, the second year I was fighting professionally. I learned my lesson. Never again, I vowed!

There was a third rater named Joey Baker. He was between a feather and lightweight. All agreed he couldn't punch hard enough to break an egg. "He's a paluka," they whispered in my ears. Six rounds, or less, the newspaper boys scribbled.

On the day of the battle, Baker's manager appealed to Dan Caplin, my pilot, to tell me to take it easy with his protege. He didn't make Dan promise to let me carry him all the way, or that I wouldn't knock him out, but he said he would be pleased if his Joey wasn't battered from pillar to post.

This was my thirty-third bout on big time. Johnny Gallagher, who refereed the Dempsey-Firpo embroglio, was the third man for my scrap with Baker. He informed us that he expected a hard fought battle, and no tin canning. "Fight hard, and break clean at my command," were his last words.

"Box the kid the first two rounds and then start to work on him," were Caplin's instructions. "No use making it one-sided right off the reel. Show the folks in front some of your boxing skill."

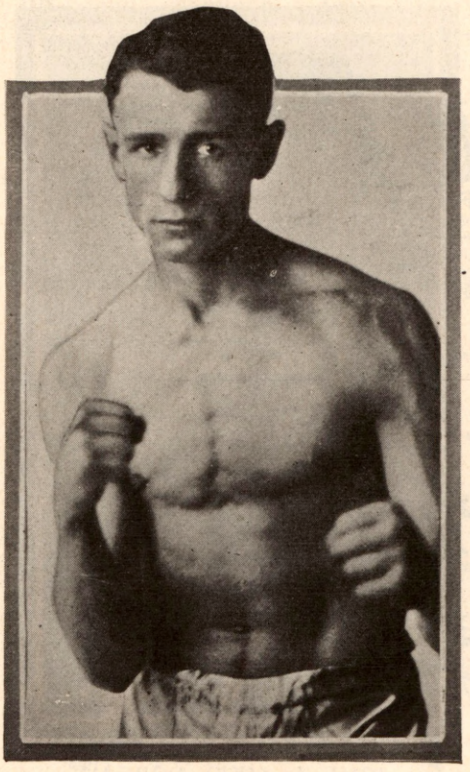
I DECIDED that in order to make Baker look good at the beginning was to fight like I did in the amateurs. I feinted once or twice and Joey didn't know what to do or expect next. I jabbed three lefts lightly on his nose.

Like a bolt out of a clear sky a stick of dynamite lit on my chin. Dan told me afterwards that a terrific left hook spilled me on my all fours. I'll quote Caplin on the minutest details of the knockdown.

"You fell as if shot. I closed my eyes. I couldn't look at you lying face down on the resin floor. As Gallagher howled one, two, you remained on the floor lying motionless.

"At the count of four you wiggled a bit, and at five, six, you started to get up on your knees. As he reached seven, you shook your head and winked at me. You inquired of Gallagher what the count was as he reached eight. As he said, nine, you started to get up, and you just got up on your feet at ten."

I remember very little after I got hit. But I managed to stick out the



Sid Terris

round by my ring generalship. By the time the second round was in motion I had fully recuperated. But I wasn't steady. Baker, scenting victory, was urged by his handlers to go in and finish me. It was a clever trick and all that, but it didn't work.

AS Baker came tearing in I put the left paw into motion, and in this way I kept the snorting bulldog at bay. Gradually my strength returned and when I was sure I was myself again, I started to give him a dose of his own medicine. Left jabs and right hand crosses started to tell on Baker. I let everything I had go in with the punches. Joey's legs began to weaken. I could see that he wished he had never did what he pulled.

In the third, fourth and fifth rounds I knocked him down three times but he refused to remain out. Once or twice he nearly tore my head off the shoulders with right hand socks he picked up off the floor, but they only whizzed by my head. Had one of them landed I'd been carried out of the ring.

Baker, thoroughly whipped, was dangerous right up to the last bell. He made a few more dying efforts but in vain. I belted him on the chin with terrific rights but they only served to make him fight back harder. I hurt him several times with rapier-like lefts.

In the sixth we fought toe to toe and the crowd was on its feet like one man yelling lustily. In the thick of the fighting I staggered him with two rights under the heart, and sent his head back with a stinging left jab. He was a sucker for the left hand. He just couldn't get out of his own way from left hand smacks.

BAKER admitted afterwards that he had enough of Terris. The decision in my favor was the signal for lots of cheering. But very few in that audience knew what Dan and I knew. Right then and there we resolved never to oblige a friend—inside the ring. We haven't changed our minds since.

"From now on," admonished Dan, "everybody looks alike to us. Go in there and try to finish the job as quickly as possible. Never give a sucker an even break.

I may climb into the shoes made vacant by Benny Leonard, but as long as I live I shall never forget that Baker encounter. It was the hardest fight I ever had. Caplin claims the left hook he hit me with was the hardest blow he ever saw struck.

Yet some soreheads have gone so far as to state that I'm not game, and I can't take it, etc. That fight alone should prove to them that I can take it. But if it wasn't for my ring generalship that night in the Rink ring my fighting career was as good as finished.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in the field of boxing. Its progressive policy has gained for it thousands of readers.

From Messenger Boy to Leading Contender for Lightweight Honors

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

THE time is not far distant when New York's East Side, the famous melting pot of fistiana's future greats, will celebrate the coronation of another champion. They are singing the praises of Solly Seeman and have high hopes of seeing him climb into the shoes made vacant by Benny Leonard. He was born and raised on Clinton and Rivington Streets, a short distance from the house in which the retired and undefeated lightweight king first saw the light of day.

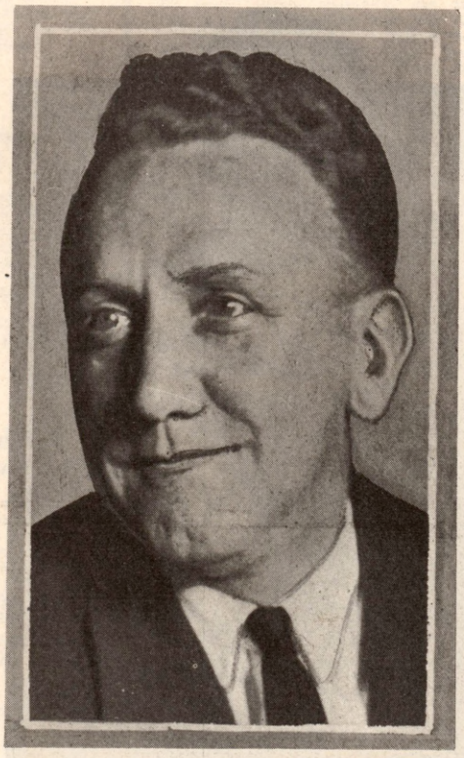
Seeman accomplished what Sid Terris, Jack Bernstein, Johnny Dundee, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Eddie Anderson and Archie Walker failed, and that was to give Sammy Mandell the fight of his career and, according to western fight critics, Solly was entitled to the verdict, were decisions possible. At times he made the Rockford, Ill., sheik look like a second rater.

It was only two or three weeks ago that Seeman had the audacity to go to East Chicago, Ind., which is situated on the outskirts of Chicago proper, and astound Mandell's followers by battering Samuel from pillar to post.

Don't take our word for it, read what an eye-witness saw and wrote. We will step aside for the time being and allow C. Franklin Smith, one of Chicago's best known experts, to give you an illuminating story on Solly's achievement:—

"Solly Seeman, the promising lightweight contender of New York, made thousands of friends in this part of the country, when, at East Chicago, he slammed his way to a victory over the much-touted Sammy Mandell. It was a clear case of 'He came, he saw, and he conquered.' Our Samuel found himself so busy during the encounter that he thought he had been thrown into a cage of wild cats.

"Right off the reel, Solly sent a clean clip to Sammy's chin in the first round which sent the Rockford flash to the floor. And Sammy's eyes opened with surprise and amazement. He discovered he had a job on his hands. From then on, Seeman kept working hard, and although at times he did not do enough of the leading, yet his blows were well directed, and landed solidly enough to make Sammy's countenance look like raw meat. Mandell fought viciously during the latter rounds, his handlers apparently informing him that it was a lost cause, unless he showed a sensational spurt. True, Sammy did put on the spurt, but he could not overcome the lead Seeman had earned in the early milling.



JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN
Manager of Solly Seeman

"After the battle, Sammy had collected a beautifully closed left eye, a pair of raw cheek bones, two badly cut lips and a great deal of wisdom about another lightweight contender. This was the first time Mandell was ever mussed up, and he looked anything but the sheik he is familiarly called. That Solly Seeman certainly looks good, and the fans here are with him to a man."

So much for that.

THE next order of business is to challenge Jimmy Goodrich, who was recently elevated to the top rung of the 135-pound ladder. John Leo (Ike) Dorgan is lying awake nights scheming how to break through the six months' barrier, a champion's prerogative in New York State, to land the juicy plum. Solly's manager will deposit a $2,500 certified cheque—Ike has acquired a habit of writing bank notes since he came into his first million—with the New York State Athletic Commission to make sure no one beats him to the titular shot.

"Seeman will whip Goodrich as sure as the sun shines," Ike prophesizes.

Dorgan managed Frank Moran and Charley White when they were at the peak of their form. He matched the former with Jess Willard for the heavyweight championship, but the sorrel-topped Pittsburgher failed to come through. For two years Ike endeavored to drag Leonard into a ring with the wicked left hook socker. Benny promised White's enemies he would never give him another chance at his mythical diadem. He kept his word.

Ike thinks Seeman is the best fighter of the three. He believes deep down in his heart that Solly will reward his painstaking efforts extending over a period of ten years to manage a champion. If he makes the Goodrich match Dorgan will bet the family jewels, with Tad's radio set thrown in for good measure.

"I tell you Goodrich is made to order for Solly," continued Dorgan in all earnestness. "He'll cut him to ribbons. You should have seen how he slaughtered Mandell! They haven't stopped talking about Solly and his great victory. They want him back in the west. If Mandell seeks a return match he can have it gladly. Solly

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will fight any man his weight and inches in the world.

"We saw Goodrich defeat Stanislaus Loayza in the final round of the elimination tournament," continued Ike. "While the fight lasted Solly picked flaws in the winner's style. Turning to me after Jimmy's arm was raised in token of victory, Sol pleaded: 'If you never do anything else, Mr. Dorgan, drag that Goodrich fellow inside the hempen ropes with me. I'll make him look like he never had a glove on his hands. Don't let him get away from us.'

"So you see what I'm up against. Watch my smoke from now on. Solly—he's a born fighter, every inch of him," concluded Dorgan. The last seen of the wily manager was at the door of a Fifth Avenue bank to deposit his "end" from the Mandell scrap.

WE are not in the habit of telling champions what they should do because the prima donnas will not listen to reason, but it is our humble opinion that Seeman is entitled to first crack at Goodrich's crown. He has proven his worth. The Mandell victory alone stamps him as the leading challenger or contender. We loathe the word contender. It will be recalled that Goodrich had a narrow escape against Mandell in the semi-finals but as luck would have it Sammy committed the unpardonable foul and Jimmy eased his way into the finale.

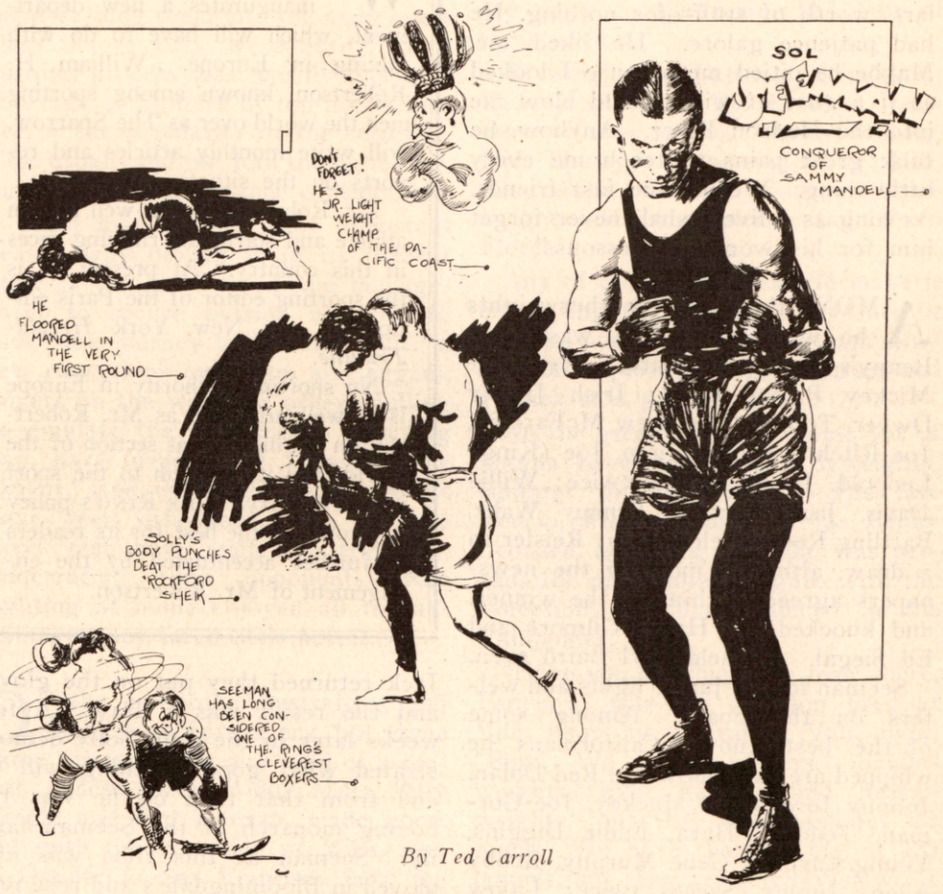
Seeman holds the Pacific Coast lightweight championship. In 1922 Solly electrified Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, Ore., fans with his bang-up milling. He triumphed in thirty four-rounders and developed into such a big card that the promoters hated to see him leave.

Seeman was not cut out to be a fighter. But he is an example of what boxing can do for a youngster in the matter of building up a strong physique. Seeman was a sickly looking little fellow when he laced on the gloves for the first time. In 1920, to be exact, he took a fling in the manly art, representing the Brooklyn A. A. in amateur competition. He scaled 108 pounds. Before the year passed out he gathered in the 108-pound Metropolitan and State laurels, and crowned his achievements by defeating William A. Parker, of Philadelphia, for the featherweight national title in Boston.

Boxing for a living was furthest from his mind. He was employed as a want-ad specialist and miscellaneous worker in the advertising department of Bloomingdale's store. "Battling Seeman has in the space of two short months leaped to a prominent place in the pugilistic arena," chronicled a story in Bloomingdale's publication. "It seems but yesterday since he was to be seen meekly ambulating through the store, his head bent down, in marked contrast to the cock-of-the-walk, chip-on-the-shoulder air with which he now lords it over his associates.

"Seeman has brought the bacon home to Bloomingdale's twice. The first was when before a great throng at the City A. C. he secured a decision over Willie O'Connell, upon which occasion he was crowned New York State 108-pound champion. This victory was a technical k. o.; the referee stopped the bout to prevent a slaughter. In the preliminary and semi-final bouts Seeman met L. Schulkin and C. Svaboda (Bud Dempsey), both of whom he outpointed in three rounds.

"Once again at the Bensonhurst Yacht Club Seeman met Wexler upon the mat. The judges disagreed and the referee gave the first award to Wexler. Wexler weighed 114 pounds, which put him in a class heavier than Seeman, who took a chance in spite of the disparity and who is now sporting a big diamond ring as a souvenir."



By Ted Carroll

SEEMAN qualified in the 1920 Olympic tryouts but because of the need of his weekly envelope to the family's coffers he could not make the trip to Antwerp.

Solly's first professional bout was at Manhattan Casino in 1921, on the same card with Willie Jackson and Johnny Dundee. He tipped the beam at the 122 notch. His opponent was Bobby Dobbs, a rough, muscular veteran. When Dobbs got a look at his prospective opponent in the dressing room he hesitated about going on. "Say, that guy is liable to drop dead after I sock him a few," he said. "Looks to me like he's half dead already. Let me run out of the building in case I kill him." The encounter was scheduled for six rounds.

Dobbs soon had reason to change his mind about Seeman. The pale-faced amateur hammered him all over the ring. Dobbs was floored half a dozen times before he went down for the full count. He was punished so badly that he had to be carried to his corner. "Never judge a book by its cover," Dobbs was forced to admit when he regained his senses, adding: "Look out for dem sickly guys. Dey ain't sick, dey jest get pale from nervousness in dere mad desire to knock your brains out." Seeman was rewarded with $60—a world of money.

Encouraged by his stand against the experienced Dobbs, Seeman decided to take the game seriously. He trained in the same gym where Leonard used

(*Continued on page* 16)

Solly Seeman Leading Lightweight Contender

(*Continued from page* 15)

to strut around. He marvelled at Benny's footwork. "Gee, how I wish I could box like him," prayed Solly. One afternoon Benny asked the youngster to put the gloves on with him.

"I never thought he'd talk to me let alone invite me to box with him," reminisced Seeman. "I couldn't believe my ears. He had just finished throwing gloves at Mike Arra. He took me in hand and showed me a few tricks. Gee, I felt all swelled up. I could feel a lump in my throat.

"He showed me how to lead and how to hook with the left hand. Benny was teaching me a million dollars' worth of stuff—for nothing. He had patience galore. He liked me. Maybe he pitied me because I looked as if a gust of wind would blow me into the Hudson River. Anyhow, he took great pains to teach me every little thing. We became fast friends. As long as I live I shall never forget him for his wonderful lessons."

AMONG the sixteen featherweights he whipped in 1921 was Arra, Benny's sparring mate. He beat Mickey Brown twice; Irish Jimmy Dwyer, Tommy Elm, Lew McFarland, Joe Ritchie, Silent Regan, Joe (King) Leopold, Jimmy Blute, twice; Willie Davis, Jack Hausner, Sammy Waltz, Battling Reddy, held Johnny Reisler to a draw, although most of the newspapers agreed on him as the winner, and knocked out Harry Gilmore and Ed Siegal. He held Earl Baird even.

Seeman fought junior lights and welters on the Coast. Among some of the best known Californians he whipped are the following: Red Dolan, Johnny Jordan, Ad Mackey, Joe Gorman, Teddy O'Hara, Eddie Diggins, Young Carman, Gene Murphy, Bobby Allen, Jimmy Sacco, twice; Lakey Morrow, Ted Kracke and Young Dudley. In defeating Diggins he was crowned lightweight boss. The toughest puncher he met was O'Hara. Benny Verera gave him his hardest battle. Commenting on the Diggins fight, Tommy Laird, in the San Francisco News, scribbled:

"The hand that guided Diggins along the dangerous trail of the four-round game and placed him on a pedestal among the lightweights threw an obstacle in his path and he tripped over it. Diggins encountered Solly Seeman and the visitor gave him a boxing lesson, easily winning the decision."

Seeman is twenty-three years old. He was born on February 25, 1902. He is a product of the household rivalry with the padded mittens. His elder brother, Jack, was always a good boxer and in the family backyard tilts, the bigger boy always won. However, Solly's brother took a seven months' trip to Detroit and during his absence Solly went every day to the Ninety-second Street Y. M. H. A. When Jack returned they put on the gloves and the result was a draw. A few weeks later in the gym Solly demonstrated what good coaching will do and from that time on he was the boxing monarch of the Seeman family. Seeman at this time was employed in Bloomingdale's and rose rapidly to want ad manager.

SOLLY resides with his parents, three sisters and two brothers at No. 311 East Ninety-ninth Street, New York City. His right name is Saul Seeman. One of his brothers, Sidney, is ambitious to follow in his footsteps. He weighs ninety pounds.

Seeman was educated at P. S. No. 109. Between the time he graduated and entered prep school he was a messenger boy at the W. U. office at Forty-first Street and Broadway. He carried telegrams and ran errands for two years. Bert Moore, president of the Brooklyn A. A., encouraged the lad to take up professional boxing. Among his dearest friends is Hiram C. Bloomingdale.

When he returned from his Pacific Coast conquests, Dave Richman, a life long pal, took him to Dorgan. "Ike, here's the next lightweight champion," said Dave. "Give him your undivided attention."

Since he teamed up with Dorgan, which has turned out to be one of the best combinations ever known, Seeman knocked out Charley Farace in six rounds, defeated Frankie Ritchie and Joey Silvers, whipped Frankie La Fay at Troy, substituting for Archie Walker; beat Charley O'Connell, at old Madison Square Garden; knocked out Larry Regan in three, and beat La Fay again in twelve. He ascribes his defeat at the hands of Benny Valger in the lightweight eliminations to the fact that he overtrained. He got tired beginning the fifth round and just could not make his legs move. The road work was also harmful and he had only six weeks in which to get in shape.

His mother, Mrs. Frieda Seeman, of course, objected to his carving a career in the ring in place of elevating himself in the advertising business, but she was forced to capitulate. His father was a lieutenant in the Austrian army before he came to America.

"While waiting for Goodrich to make up his mind if he wants to fight me, I'll be glad to accommodate Sid Terris and Luis Vincentini," declared Seeman.

Sol is a perfect gentleman. He carries himself like a talented business man.

The Seeman interview was one of the finest we enjoyed in our fifteen years of newspaper work.

ROBERTSON TO COVER SITUATION IN EUROPE

WITH this issue, THE RING inaugurates a new department, which will have to do with boxing in Europe. William H. Robertson, known among sporting men the world over as The Sparrow, will write monthly articles and reports on the situation abroad.

Mr. Robertson was a well known athlete and starter of running races in this country. At present he is the sporting editor of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

No sporting authority in Europe is as well informed as Mr. Robertson on boxing in that section of the world, and its relation to the sport in this country. THE RING's policy of providing the best for its readers is further accentuated by the engagement of Mr. Robertson.

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Filipino Boxing Invasion Coming

By NORRIS C. MILLS

Former Sports Editor, Manila Daily Bulletin

WHEN Pancho Villa, whose untimely death recently removed a great boxer from the fistic world, returned to the United States from a long stay in his native land, he reported that the Philippines has a horde of good boys who are just pining for a trip to America. "This country will soon be flooded through an invasion of flyweights, bantams and featherweights from the Philippines and when they do come over, watch for action," was the comment of the late flyweight king upon landing at Vancouver.

Several reasons were attributed by Villa to the boxing boom, the primary factor being the return home of the late flyweight champion many months ago. When Villa arrived in the Philippines he brought with him a world's crown, many thousands of dollars and a high priced touring car, and added to this, he brought tales of the wealth which awaits a champion or top notcher in any class in the States.

The conqueror of Jimmy Wilde returned to the Philippines last November. It is easy to believe that Villa, after his long stay in this land in which he annexed a title and many big purses, was the cause of much envy stirred in the hearts of other Filipino mitt artists watching the champ perambulate about town in a late model gas buggy while they rode in the carromata, the horse-drawn conveyance which serves the need of the Manila proletariat.

It is likely that these would-be headliners immediately cast eyes in the direction of the United States, with resolutions to make the trip as soon as possible.

Another reason which might be advanced is that boxing conditions in the Orient are not in the prosperous condition that prevailed three or four years ago. Due to the monopoly of the game by one club in Manila, fighters there, especially those in the preliminary class, are unable to get sufficient fights to keep in condition. These preliminary scrappers are usually unerpaid, purses often failing to pay little more than training expenses.

MAIN eventers draw down purses on the percentage basis, but poor attendance during the past three years has greatly reduced their size, and these main eventers, upon whom the management has depended, have either migrated to other climes or are casting longing eyes to the far shores of the United States.

There are many good fighters in the preliminary class over there. Many have been ruined due to the management rushing them into the main event class before they were ready. This rushing process was usually due to a shortage of fighters of top notch timber or the popularity of the scrapper. This usually did not fool the fight fans, but cut down attendance considerably.

What may be the most important reason why boxing is in its present state is the inability of the management to secure outside material to make the journey to Manila. With a few exceptions only ham and eggers, boxers on the wane, or others willing to emulate the well-known punching bag, have invaded the "Pearl of the Orient," and the effects of the visits have been disastrous. One or two good men have made the trip but, underrating their opponents, who fighting at home enjoyed all the advantage, they fared little better.

OF the numerous Australians and English to have a try, but three came through with any kind of a record. These three, Paddy Mills, Billy Tingle and Syd Keenan, made good, but with the exception of Mills, who is familiar to San Francisco fans, the others faded from sight. The most impressive performance of Mills was his defeat of Macario Villon, then lightweight champion of the Orient.

Angel de la Cruz is a fair sample of the prelim boy of the Manila ring. At the time of his departure to this country he was almost ready for the main event class and was attracting considerable attention among Manila fight fans. In his first start on the coast he made a great showing, and while he was beaten by Roy Riley in his second fight, he was by no means disgraced. A hard hitter and with a right that is dynamite when properly placed, he is also clever and his island record shows many fights won by the knockout method.

A HOST of good scrappers of the caliber of de la Cruz, some of them better, await their chance to come to the United States. Promoters will find their gate receipts mounting with these men fighting in American rings, for most of them possess knockout punches and have their share of cleverness and, what is more important are game to the core. The best of these include:

Flyweights — Battling Candelosa, Kid Cabarrubias, Pio Rosario; bantams—Clever Sencio, Varias Milling, Kid Manoy; feathers—Johnny Hill, Kid Moro, Tenebro Santos; lightweights—Mariano Adriano and Ireneo Flores.

Any of these scrappers will make it interesting for American boys and it is to be hoped that some of them stray over on a quest for bigger purses and a crack at a possible title.

All the great boxers to come out of Manila have been either flyweights, bantams or lightweights. The late Dencio, who was as great as Benny Leonard, according to Villa, was perhaps the most notable figure with the exception of Villa produced in the Philippines.

"Have you any big boys over there, Pancho?" was the question fired at Villa upon his arrival at Vancouver. "Sure. We have welters, middleweights, light heavies and heavyweights, but they don't amount to much. We have them as big as 185 pounds, but they are terribly slow. I don't think they would be better than fourth-raters here."

Villa said that the best boy in Manila at present is Clever Sencio, who can make the bantam class. He lost the title a few weeks ago to Hill. Sencio is coming here to take Villa's place with Churchill.

Within a few hours after the death of Pancho Villa, Frank A. Churchill, who managed Villa, received a cable from a group of prominent Filipino sportsmen in Manila, requesting him to send for Sencio and to direct the affairs of this little Filipino. This was a few days before Sencio lost his title to Hill.

Losers, Yet They Draw "The Gate"

By JACK KOFOED

IN other statistical stories in THE RING I have harped on defeat and victory averages among champions and near champions. Recently, while delving through the record-books I discovered the peculiar fact that some of the leading little men of the game today have rather staggering defeat averages.

As a general thing, your fly, bantam and featherweight pugilist fights oftener than the big fellows. This isn't an invariable rule, of course, but it is true in many instances. And, when a pitcher goes to the well too often it meets with the usual fate of busy pitchers.

That is to say, it gets broken.

The list I am presenting is not a complete one. There are probably numerous other fighters who have been beaten as often, perhaps more frequently. But, then, the statistician must accept the knocks of other probers. He cannot present the names and records of all fighters unless he has as much space as Webster's Dictionary.

It must be remembered, too, that this story of defeat is not a sniff or a scoff at the boxers mentioned. They are all good, game boys. They have given the public a run for its money, and more than that cannot be asked. The other side of the picture shows them victors in many battles, but defeats as well as triumphs must be registered, and record-books, after all, are public property.

I HAVE seen everyone of the boxers mentioned in this article. The work of some I have admired greatly. That they were unfortunate enough to have been whipped so often is sad enough, but it is all part of the day's work for them. The ring is a hard place in which to win laurels. They have won plenty, and have taken plenty of hard knocks, too.

These heavy losers are all among the little men now active in the game. Practically all of them are good attractions—their numerous defeats apparently having little effect on their popularity.

Incidentally, all have scored some brilliant triumphs, which accounts for this state of affairs. Take Jackie Hausner, for instance, who has lost more than forty per cent of his bouts. Jack numbers Red Chapman among his victims, and Red is something of a sensation these days, having beaten Johnny Dundee and Edouard Mascart among others. He has tackled the best of them, including Frankie Jerome, Pepper Martin, Billy DeFoe and others as well known.

And, Terry Martin, whose record is studded with twenty-nine defeats, is looked on as a star at his weight. Martin trimmed such aces as Joe Lynch, Jerome, Johnny Curtin, Ansel Bell and Danny Edwards. Some of those fellows reversed the decisions, and Pancho Villa, Frankie Genaro, Danny Kramer, Carl Tremaine and men of the caliber outpointed him. None ever succeeded in knocking him out.

NEXT to Martin in total defeats comes Wee Willie Spencer. Willie has taken on plenty of tough ones, and you'll have to give him credit for trying. He set one record—an unenviable one that will probably take a lot of matching. From April to November, 1923, he fought seven bouts, and lost all of them—Jabez White, Danny Edwards, Joe Clifford, Larry Goldberg, Sonny Smith, Willie Mack and Georgie Marks all scoring decisions over him.

You could go down through this entire list of heavy losers, and not find a man who would be looked on as any easy mark by the top-notchers. There's Bobby Garcia, for instance. Only last winter the Indian was chosen for the featherweight elimination tournament. He lost the decision to Lou Kid Kaplan, present holder of the title, in one of the greatest fights of the tournament. Bobby lost only by the merest shade, a whirlwind finish by Kaplan in the last round proving his undoing. Garcia is one of those bulldog rushers, who take a lot of punishment winning or losing, and it has apparently slowed him up. In his last two fights he has been beaten by Kid Roy, who was knocked out by Danny Kramer, and Babe Ruth, a promising Philadelphia kid. Garcia's record up to two months ago when my statistics were gathered was most impressive despite 13 defeats. He is a colorful, splendid fighter.

Most of these chaps have been hard to knock out. Of the seventeen on the list nine have never listened to the long count over them. Johnny Curtin and Jack Sharkey are the greatest sufferers in that line. Each has been stopped five times. It must be said that it took great hitters to lay Irish Johnny low. Carl Tremaine turned the trick, as he has on so many, and Babe Herman popped him off. So did Frankie Jerome, who earned his greatest measure of fame by doing it. John has been a busy worker. He started in 1915, and since returning from the Army in 1919 has been continually at it. His many defeats can partially be attributed to overwork against star fighters.

JACK SHARKEY is another old timer. Just recently, Jack started on a comeback campaign, his principal victory being over Harry London, the Harlem Cossack. Among those who outpointed the sturdy little Italian were Johnny Dundee, Kid Williams and Johnny Buff, all world's champions. He also met Pete Herman, Jimmy Wilde and Joe Lynch. A record of having boxed six title holders is something for the other lads to shoot at.

During the past year or so Chick Suggs, the New England negro, has been coming along at such a fast pace that folks are beginning to consider him unbeatable. Yet, like his compatriot from the South—Tiger Flowers—Suggs had a tough row to hoe before he achieved stardom. His record is liberally studded with defeats, no less than fifteen having been chalked down against him. It just shows that you can't tell how high a man will rise after having suffered a lot of adversity.

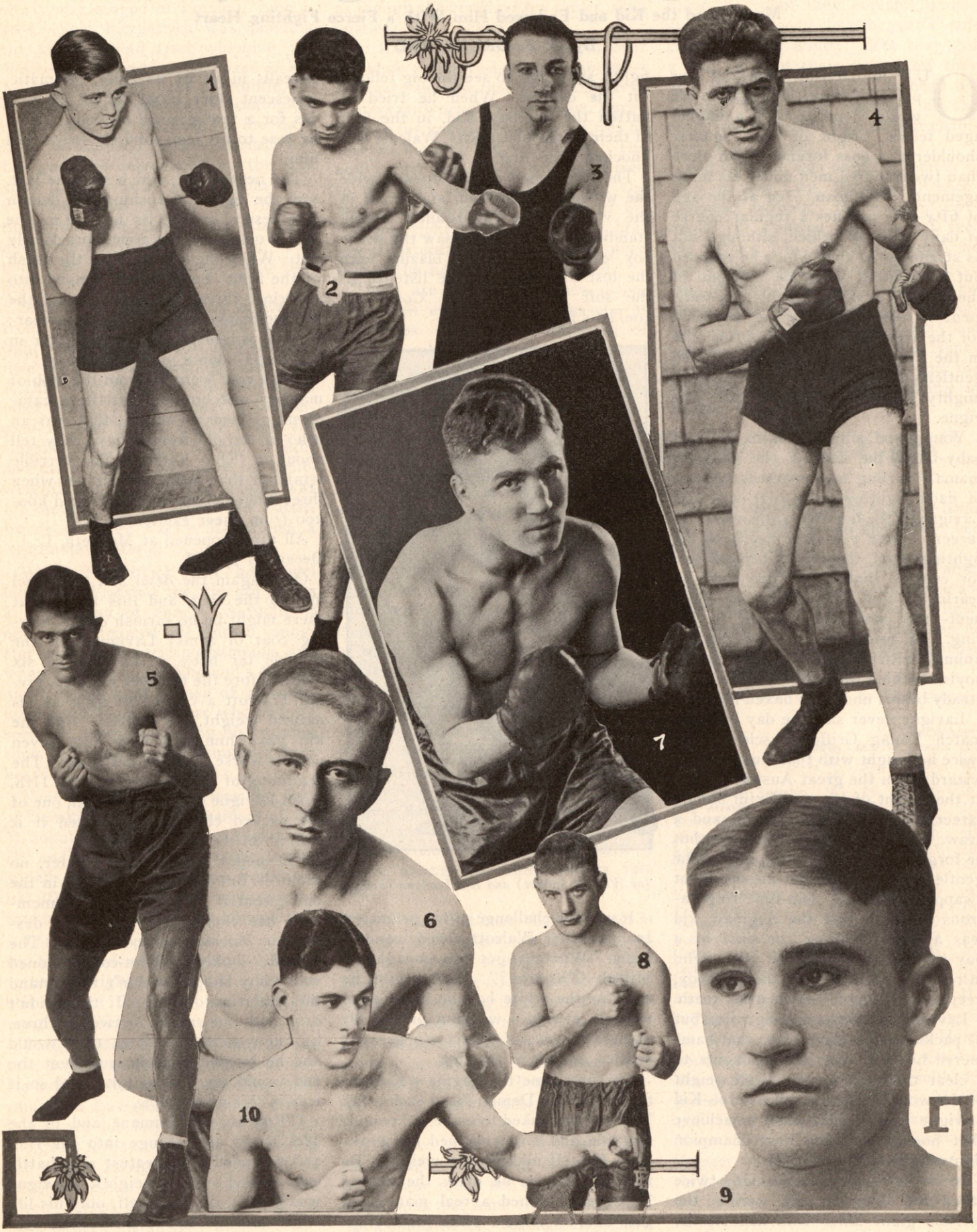
These fighters are not all of a stripe. The rushing, plugging kind that seek to wear down an opponent are at a disadvantage in the comparatively short bouts in vogue nowadays. Battling Nelson never would have become the lightweight champion of the world at fifteen rounds. He did not get at his best unless it was a finish fight—or the comparatively unlimited one of forty rounds. So it is with Bobby Garcia. The Indian is so strong that some men who have scored victories over him would have been whipped had the contest gone on indefinitely. Midget Smith is another rough, tough battler. So is Sarmiento and some of the others.

BUT there is a good proportion of boxers among these "defeatists." Young Montreal, for instance, is a ring general of parts. He can box, though he is no man's slugger. Had he combined punching ability with his skill he would have gone considerably farther. I have seen Maurice Billinskopf, as Montreal is known to his parents, against such stars as Carl Tremaine, Joe Lynch and others, and he conducted himself as befitted an excellent workman.

Then there is young Harry Gordon, who, in turn held the Philadelphia amateur, the Atlantic Fleet and United States Navy championships. Gordon scored a victory over Carl Tremain, an upset that

(*Continued on page* 21)

Great Attractions Despite Setbacks



No. 1—Midget Smith, New York, Bantamweight; No. 2—Bobby Garcia, Camp Holabird, Md., Featherweight; No. 3—Jack Hausner, New York, Featherweight; No. 4—Terry Martin, Providence, R. I., Bantamweight; No. 5—Spencer Gardner, Newport, R. I., Featherweight; No. 6—Young Montreal, Providence, Bantamweight; No. 7—Harry London, New York, Bantamweight; No. 8—Eddie Brady, Brooklyn, Featherweight; No. 9—"Irish" Johnny Curtin, Jersey City, Bantamweight; No. 10—Harry Gordon, Philadelphia, Bantamweight.

Lavigne's Winning Ways

Mars Liked the Kid and Endowed Him With a Fierce Fighting Heart

By T. F. DRUMMOND

OUT in Detroit, working for probably the richest man in the world, Henry Ford, is a middle-aged fellow, bright of eyes, square-shouldered, a boss foreman with more than two hundred men under his management. This man, even at the age of fifty-five, pursues a regular course of daily training, which, although not as strenuous as that which he mapped out for himself when he was one of the world's greatest fighters, is sufficient to keep him in prime condition for the arduous tasks confronting him in the Ford automobile factory. The gentleman is none other than the once mighty lightweight battler, Kid Lavigne.

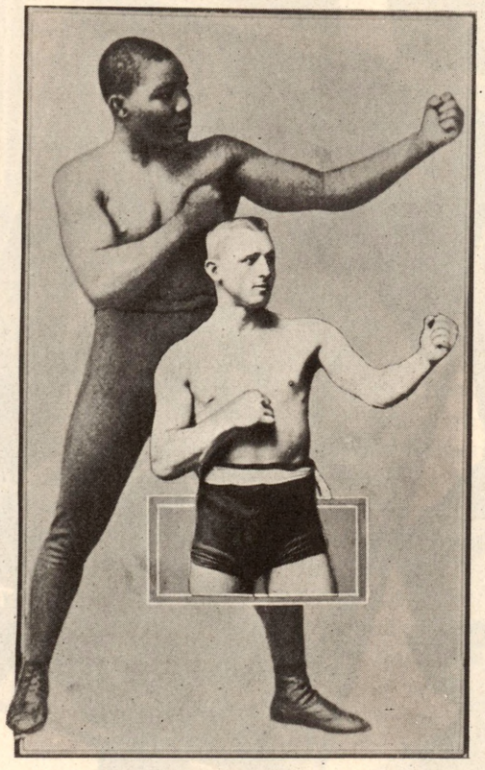
Young and slim, flaxen-haired and baby-faced, he looked the part of mama's darling and enacted the role of dad's fighting fool—that was Kid Lavigne in the hey-day of his meteoric career. Often you have heard of the fighting heart, the savage berserk lust for combat that is soothed only by tearing in and vanquishing an opponent—that was Kid Lavigne in the ring. He was a magnificent battling animal with stunning power in his boyish looking body—directed by cool, steady brains under his flaxen locks.

Lavigne never saw the day he could match Young Griffo in science, yet twice he fought with that elusive glove wizard when the great Australian was at the height of his wonderful boxing career, the kid getting a win and a draw. Lavigne could box a little, but he forgot most of the fine points of the gentle art of biff when an opponent swapped with him. Old-time ring patrons will tell you the Saginaw kid was a freak, looking the part of a boy soprano in a cathedral choir, who in real life made Swipes, the newsboy, keep a civil tongue between his teeth.

Lavigne lacked the singing voice, but he packed two slugging fists that hammered his way over all opponents to a clear title of champion lightweight of the world. Drive a spike here—Kid Lavigne was the first man to achieve that honor, the very first champion lightweight of the world.

In his battling career Lavigne twice faced the uncouth man gorilla, the terrible giant killer who had all the big fellows side-stepping—that long-armed, squat built Barbadoes demon—Joe Walcott, who loved to fight for fight's sake, just to see the big fellows hit the canvas. When he tried to flatten the Saginaw Kid, in the first of their memorable fights, Walcott was knocked sprawling.

The astonished demon opened wide the windows of his soul and drank in the vision of a tow-headed cherub standing in the ring. He saw the white boy lean over, blue eyes blazing with the lust of battle, and he listened to the soft spoken words, "Come on, Joe, let's fight!"



Joe Walcott (above) and Kid Lavigne (below)

It was the challenge of the primitive. In his corner Walcott asked wonderingly, "Whatcha got me up against, Mistah O'Rourke?" Well might he ask, for the white boy he had looked upon as merely a workout proved his master in one of Fistiana's greatest battles, an epic of the ring.

The first time the Saginaw Kid and the Barbadoes Demon faced each other Walcott was asked to make 133 pounds ringside, and it was claimed Joe weakened himself making the weight. Be that as it may, he drew the licking he never dreamed a real man could give him, let alone a white-faced, slim-built boy. In the 14th round the kid dropped his famous chop on the demon's chin and Joe saw the aurora borealis in all its dazzling, prismatic, iridescent glory, as he sat on the canvas for a few stunned seconds. Then he rose to his feet—and the bell saved him.

The next round, which was the last, saw the tiger kid rushing the demon mercilessly, and at its finish Lavigne had Wolcott on the ropes, practically out. When the bell sounded the finish of the fight, Young Griffo leaped into the ring, threw his arms around the kid and bawled for all creation to hear:

"Kid, you're the greatest fighter in the world—damn your tiger heart!"

And a roar went up from the mob of maniacs watching the battle, a cataclysm of frenzied shrieks that was an echo of the old Roman days they tell about in "Quo Vadis." The terrible strain of that fight was shown when three ringsiders collapsed, kicked koo-koo from sheer excitement.

All this happened at Maspeth, L. I., December 2, 1895.

Once again the devil and the angel met in the ring, and this time (that there might be no tarnish on his blazing coat of arms) Lavigne met the terrible tar baby at 137 pounds six hours before the first bell clanged, giving Walcott a chance to fight at his natural weight, 140 pounds. And the kid gave him a licking just seven pounds worse than the first time. The beginning of the end came in the 11th, when Lavigne dropped Joe with one of his wicked chops that stunned if it parked on the jaw.

The negro was a great fighter, no foolin'! But he was outclassed in the one essential that from time immemorial has commanded victory in desperate encounters—courage. The kiddish looking, satin-complexioned white boy simply couldn't understand the sensation of fear. If they didn't drop with one smash, or two, or three, he knew sooner or later they would and he battled blithely, confident the end would see him victor. And so it was in this gloved epic.

O'Rourke was humane and in the 12th threw the sponge into the ring and so ended the greatest ring battle ever staged by lightweights. Lavigne was almost all in himself, only his lily white courage and love of battle sustaining him in the last few rounds of that superhuman imbroglio.

And this ring classic took place in

San Francisco, October 29, 1897.

The kid's battle that gave him the title of champion lightweight of the world was staged in London, June 1, 1896. Sam Fitzpatrick was handling the kid then and after whipping Joe Walcott the first time, he boxed an exhibition bout with Jack McAuliffe, retired American lightweight champion. At a benefit for McAuliffe a few days later in Madison Square Garden Kid Lavigne was introduced by the late John L. Sullivan in this fashion!

"Friends and Gents: This boy is the lightweight champion of America, now that McAuliffe has retired. Nobody's to say the opposite—and that goes!"

Soon after that came an invitation from London to meet Dick Burge, lightweight champion of England, before the National Sporting Club. McAuliffe had been offered $40,000 to meet Burge, but the American champion refused unless Burge made 133 ringside, McAuliffe's normal weight and the American poundage for lightweights. In England the weight was 135 seven hours before the battle. Burge was like Packy McFarland, a legitimate welter.

When Fitzpatrick and his angel landed in England the kid got by as a boy friend of Sam's. Actually it never was dreamed this kiddish youngster was the American champion, and when the lads faced England's 400 the night of the fight a gasp of astonishment came from all those who had not seen the American during his training time. Also murmurs of sympathy were heard.

Near the kid's corner was the Earl of Lonsdale, who was president of the National Sporting Club at that time. He and the kid laid a wager for 10 pounds apiece that Lavigne would not last 10 rounds, the latter supposing he was betting 10 dollars on himself.

The articles called for 138 pounds six hours before the fight, so Burge actually weighed about 143 when the bell clanged the beginning. Lavigne weighed 133¾.

Burge lasted 17 rounds and at one time looked to have the battle on ice. He landed a full-armed, whistling right smash on Lavigne's nose that spread it all over his boyish face. The bell clanged a few seconds later, and during the respite Lavigne blew his beak so lustily that half a dozen adenoids and much clotted blood flew out and his head cleared instantly.

From then on he battled at top speed. In one of the early rounds the kid parked his right on Burge's short ribs and almost copped the title with that punch. The Englishman stiffened as though skewered with a rapier, then hustled into a clinch.

In the 16th round the kid put over the blow that foreshadowed the end—a chop to the jaw that kissed the nerve centers with deadly somnolence. Burge sank to his knee and took seven, yet he rose to his feet and weathered. The next round saw the crown transferred to the kid's alabaster brow, and the way it happened was another of his slashing right chops to the jaw, followed instantly by a left on the other side of the Englishman's feed mill.

There are times when men disbelieve their eyes, and that was one of the times. The peers and men of wealth, culture, literature, art and brains who had paid 10 guineas apiece for the privilege of watching a little American lick the stuffing out of their idol—that wealthy 400 stared in stunned silence for a moment.

Even when the buzz of talky talk filled the room they couldn't understand "the bloody little beggar's" uncanny busting ability. Yet they got a real kick for their money for they saw (that long ago night in deah old Lunnon town) the creation of the really and truly first lightweight champion of the world.

Kid Lavigne was born September 6, 1869, in Bay City, Mich., of French-Canadian parents. He weighed normally 135 stripped and stood 5 feet 3½ inches. In his early youth he learned the cooper's trade, which gave him the deadly chop blow that a few years later showed the peers of England just how long Burge looked laid out. Lavigne now is working in Henry Ford's Detroit auto factory and the Barbadoes Demon is stevedoring in Boston.

Losers, Yet They Draw "The Gate"

(*Continued from page* 18)

stunned the entire division. But he was rushed along so fast against men like Bud Taylor, Eddie Anderson, Danny Edwards and fellows of that stripe that he never quite had time to catch up with his sensational triumph. Harry is still a good man, but he probably isn't as good as he would have been had he been nurtured along a bit after beating Tremaine.

Spencer Gardner's chin is the most prominent feature among the little men. It juts out like a prow of a battleship, and it has something of the same chilled steel qualities. Many a thumping wallop bounced off that chin, but none ever put Spencer down for the count until Benny Bass came along. Bass is the young Philadelphian who is making such a furore among the featherweights just now.

I SAW their first bout. Gardner went in at the last moment as a substitute, and took a frightful beating. This fellow Bass can hit, make no mistake about that. But he let everything fly against the Gardner chin, and failed to make an impression. It did not make an impression that evening, at any rate, but it must have softened it up. Later Benny took Spencer on in a return match, and put him to sleep.

You have to hand it to these fellows for courage. They keep on coming, no matter how rough the weather is. You would think that some of these lads, having assimilated the beatings they have, would be cautious about who their opponents were to be. The reverse is true. They are less chary about accepting bouts than the champions, who have seldom had a smell of defeat.

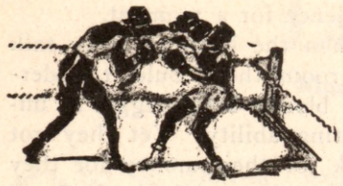
Probably you've had enough chatter about these beaten ones. It must be admitted, though, that often enough a fighter is more interesting in defeat than he ever was in victory. But you can judge that for yourself.

Here is the list up to two months ago:

	Bouts.	Lost.	K.O. By.	Total Losses.	Average.
Jack Hausner	47	19	0	19	40.4
Harry London	48	15	3	18	37.5
Wee Willie Spencer	97	25	2	30	30.
Roy Moore	66	17	1	18	27.2
Terry Martin	115	29	0	29	25.2
Midget Smith	72	18	0	18	25.
Eddie Brady	55	13	0	13	23.7
Harry Gordon	47	11	0	11	23.4
Johnny Curtin	114	19	5	24	21.7
Young Montreal	98	20	0	20	20.4
Pete Sarmiente	51	10	0	10	19.6
Spencer Gardner	109	18	1	19	17.4
Bobby Garcia	72	13	0	13	16.9
Chick Suggs	90	15	0	15	16.7
Jack Sharkey	132	15	5	20	15.4
Sonny Smith	88	11	1	12	13.6
Andy Chaney	135	13	2	15	11.7

There is no monopoly by any race in this defeat column. Jack Hausner, Harry London, Eddie Brady, Harry Gordon, Young Montreal and Sonny Smith are Jewish. Willie Spencer, Terry Martin and Jack Sharkey are Italian. Roy Moore, Midget Smith, Johnny Curtin and Spencer Gardner are Irish. Bobby Garcia is a Mexican Indian. Pete Sarmiente is a Filipino. Chick Suggs, a Negro, and Andy Chaney a Pole.

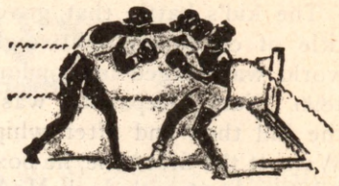
So, as in the victory column, the field is well balanced.



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



Pancho Villa Fights His Last Fight

LITTLE Pancho Villa has fought his last battle. The flyweight champion of the world succumbed while undergoing an operation in San Francisco recently and left sincere sorrow in the hearts of all ring followers. For when Villa went, the ring lost one of the gamest boxers who ever put on the padded mitts.

Villa was an ideal fighter. He never shirked his responsibilities to the boxing public and fought them all. He was a most effective boxer as well as a hard hitter, and always a clean fighter. The little Filipino had the quick movements of a cat. He was hard to hit and hard to evade.

Villa's sad experience accentuates the fact that too much scepticism has crept into the American ring. It has become a pose with certain writers to doubt everything in boxing and this has developed doubt in the minds of the boxing public.

* * *

BEFORE Villa went into the ring with McLarnin on July 4 Frank Churchill announced that the champion was a sick man and not fit for a contest. "This is my tribute to the gamest fighter I ever saw," said Churchill, after he had seen Pancho get out of a sick bed, with a badly ulcerated throat and jaw, and insist on keeping his engagement with McLarnin.

The public only laughed with scepticism. "Only another stall," the boys in the ringside seats chuckled.

But it was no stall. Villa fought,—and killed himself because he insisted on protecting the promoters and keeping unfavorable comment about himself out of the newspapers. It was foolhardy—and yet game.

Pancho Villa's death has robbed the ring of certain qualities which it could ill afford to lose.

With Villa gone the title should go to Frankie Genaro, a New Yorker who first gained prominence as an Olympic champion. Genaro should make a worthy holder of the flyweight laurels.

* * *

Fuente in Trouble Again

TONY FUENTE, the so called Mexican heavyweight, is in trouble again. Tony,—if that is his real name,—was sentenced to a fifteen day stay in one of Arizona's best jails recently for a bald faced fake with a ringer by the name of Newman who "boxed" as McCarthy. Meeting ringers has been Fuente's specialty. His so called contest with the horizontal Fred Fulton in Culver City, Cal. got Fuente into trouble with the law out that way too.

Word comes that Fuente is heading East. No doubt there are promoters who would give Fuente a chance to do some more funny work.

It behooves our Eastern Boxing Commissions to stop Tony the minute he arrives in the East. Arrant fakers are not wanted anywhere. Fuente has been implicated in too many questionable affairs to find a welcome in this section of the country.

If the Argentinians want to match Tony with Firpo, well and good. If the Argentinos can stand it, we up here can. But the United States wants no more of Tony Fuente, so called Mexican.

* * *

A Referee Is Overruled

WHEN Jack Delaney and Tommy Loughran fought in Philadelphia some time ago the judges disagreed and the referee gave the decision to Delaney, who is from Bridgeport. Loughran is a native of Philadelphia.

The referee's verdict was not allowed to stand. An hour later a member of the Boxing Commission of Pennsylvania, who had been at the ringside, announced that he had overruled the referee and declared a draw.

This is a dangerous move. Since when are Boxing Commissioners empowered to overrule the officials appointed to pass on the merits of the contestants? What right had the Commissioner to declare the referee incompetent to pass on the contest?

Why appoint judges and a referee? Why not let the Boxing Commission sit at the ringside and decide on the winners of all fights?

Boxing Commission rule is the only thing which has saved the game in this country. But at times it becomes so utterly silly as to make that phase of the sport a laughing stock.

It is most fortunate for the State of Pennsylvania that the Keystone State has among its Commissioners William Rocap, chairman. Mr. Rocap, former amateur sportsman, an executive who knows every angle of the boxing game, properly overruled the Commissioner who was responsible for issuing the orders to change the verdict of the referee to a draw after he had given the decision to Delaney. Mr. Rocap, in a statement issued to the press, declared that there was absolutely no reason for interfereing with a referee's decision and that under the Boxing rules and state law, no such procedure could be carried out.

We congratulate Mr. Rocap upon his stand. More such men are needed in the field of fistiana. By his action in reversing his co-worker, Mr. Rocap automatically checked the rumors of favoritism which spread like wild-fire following the reversal of the referee.

* * *

Rocap Calls It "No Contest"

MR. ROCAP has divulged interesting facts concerning the Loughran-Delaney bout and at the Commission meeting which upheld the men whe reversed the referee. Commissioner Charles F. White voted to call the affair "no contest." He voted that way all alone.

In his dissenting opinion, Rocap made the following statement:

"The Loughran-Delaney contest, which was to have been the main bout at the Greater Shibe Park boxing show on Thursday night, July 16, was moved up on the program as the second bout owing to weather conditions. When the principals came into the ring there was a down-pour of rain, which continued throughout the contest. Promoters, principals and all directly interested agreed to go through with the bout despite the existent conditions.

"At the end of the first round, yielding to a plea from the managers of the two boxers, Commissioner White ordered the timekeeper to cut the rounds, which was done, according to the official timekeeper, to two minutes each until the eight round. Acting on his own volition, that official avers, he clocked three remaining rounds for three minutes each.

"This drastic and sudden change in the rules and custom which have governed professional boxing throughout the world for the past 40 years was not announced to the 12,000 people present. These fans had paid to see 10 rounds of

three minutes each, as called for by the articles of agreement, unless shortened by a knockout."

* * *

Why Rounds Were Cut

COMMISSIONER WHITE'S statement on this matter of shortening the rounds is as follows:

"The Delaney-Loughran bout of July 16, 1925, at Shibe Park, had started when I arrived at the ringside during the first round. Timekeeper Joe Cervino came to me and said that Delaney's seconds wanted the time of the rounds cut to less than three minutes each. I called, or sent for Joe Smith, manager of Loughran, and asked whether he was willing. He replied: "It's all right with me, Commissioner." I then consulted with Referee Frank "Pop" O'Brien and Dr. A. Baron, who were standing near, and ordered the second round cut to two and a half minutes and the remainder cut to two minutes each. Dr. Baron had expressed fear of the judges, referees and all of us standing there in the rain getting pneumonia if we stayed there too long, and as the rain was increasing I acted in the interest of the health of us all.

"When the rain slackened in the seventh round I ordered the last three rounds back to three minutes each. The agreement between the handlers of the fighters to shorten the rounds, and our State law, which says that the rounds shall be "not more than three minutes each," with the weather conditions and health dangers resulting were my authority for cutting the rounds."

A strange state of affairs,—this whole matter. Rocap is to be congratulated for his stand in defense of boxing rules and rationalism against chaos and radicalism.

* * *

When Dempsey Comes To Town

IN anticipation of greeting a real champion, a fighter who it was felt was ready to meet a worthy contender, all fandom hailed the return of Jack Dempsey from Europe. Dempsey, the Artful Dodger, made it appear from his utterances abroad that he was ready to accept the challenge of Harry Wills, and once and for all time, would agree to settle the question of supremacy in the ring.

After months, yes, even years of watchful waiting, it seemed refreshing to believe that at last the inevitable was about to come true—the meeting of the world's heavyweight champion with his negro challenger. But, alas! The same dilly-dallying that has disgusted fight fans in the last two years in re a Dempsey-Willis bout, is again in evidence.

It was Dempsey himself who started the ball rolling by dramatically ushering himself into the presence of the New York State Boxing Board and announcing his readiness to tackle Wills. It was Dempsey who suggested the smoking of the peace pipe by formally accepting Wills' challenge, broadcasting his intention to resume fighting and then suddenly running off to California to 'transact important business.' Jack promised to fight three battles within a year, whet the appetites of fight fans and then made for himself a world of enemies by his retreat to the Coast.

As we have often said we believe there is no man alive who can whip Dempsey. We believe, with all due respect to Bill Brady and Bill Brown, that Wills will be counted out in a bout with the champion; and having faith in our judgment, we fail to understand Jack Dempsey's stand. There are many who believe Dempsey will never fight Wills because he fears the negro. We may be counted among the skeptics. They are still others who contend Jack will never again don the mitts in a public contest. We think otherwise. From our knowledge of the sport, it seems to the writer that Dempsey is eager to fight and will fight, but his opponents will be third raters. Dempsey thinks too much of his title to take a chance against a top notch fighter, and in showing this clearly by his actions as regards a Wills bout, Dempsey must automatically lose his place among the "Truly Great."

* * *

JOE VILA, one of the greatest sports editors in America, a writer of keen judgment, a journalist who has seen every big battle in this country in the last thirty years, sums up the situation with the following splendid statement:

"Dempsey, in the role of Artful Dodger, is not showing the fighting spirit of such aggressive heavyweights as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey. Fitz lost the historic crown to Jeff, who stopped him in eleven rounds on June 9, 1899, at Coney Island. Three days later Sharkey wired The Sun from San Francisco as follows:

" 'I will fight Jim Jeffries on his own terms, winner take all, the fight to take place in six weeks to three months, George Siler to referee. I will fight in New York or San Francisco, and I am not after notoriety.

" 'Fighting is my business and talk doesn't make money. Tom O'Rourke is handling my affairs in New York, and whatever arrangements he makes are satisfactory to me!'

"Instead of dodging Sharkey, Jeffries and his manager, William A. Brady, promptly arranged the fight, which took place at Coney Island on November 3, 1899, only five months after Jeff had won the championship. The scrap was a thriller, by the way, Sharkey losing on points in twenty-five rounds.

"Fitzsimmons, exactly fourteen months after losing the title to Jeffries, knocked out both Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey within two weeks. He stopped Ruhlin in six rounds and Sharkey in two, the respective dates being August 10 and August 14, 1900.

"Sharkey, Jeffries and Fitz didn't require more than six weeks to train for these memorable encounters."

* * *

Twenty Seconds For Tea

THE California Boxing Commission has seen fit to go off on a tack on its own account and modify the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The Coast body has ruled that in the event a boxer is knocked, thrown or otherwise projected out of the ring as was Dempsey against Firpo, he shall be allowed twenty seconds in which to come to scratch again.

This regulation opens the avenue to a lot of debate and suggests some grotesque possibilities. Suppose a boxer, while getting a thorough licking, takes it into his head to shoot himself out of the ring for twenty seconds? How are the California solons going to govern a case of that sort?

Suppose a boxer decides that he wants twenty seconds for tea and ejects himself by way of the space between the second and third ropes?

The rules allow a boxer ten seconds to come to scratch no matter whether he is knocked out of the ring or out of time,—or out of consciousness. Ten seconds it should remain, irrespective of the Coast commission.

* * *

Cuban Boxers Organize

CUBAN boxers have organized a Union. They announce that they want to foil their inhuman masters, whoever these may be. Is it possible that the old padrone system is in vogue down in that dear Havana? Says the story of the organization meeting:

"Cuban pugilists have organized a union in order to protect their interests and to assure themselves of a 'comfortable old age after fighting days are over.'

"The call to all boxers to organize the union was in the

(*Continued on page* 25)

Tommy Ryan Ridicules Trickery of Kid McCoy

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

AT frequent intervals, from March 2, 1896, to the present time, statements have been printed to the effect that Tommy Rryan, former middleweight champion, had been cruelly tricked by Kid McCoy, with the result that the nimble kid had gained an easy victory over the Syracusan at the Empire A. C., Maspeth, on the above mentioned date.

It is true that McCoy vanquished Ryan on that occasion, tor the writer was at the ringside on that night in March when McCoy knocked out Ryan in the 18th round. It was by no means an easy victory for the winner, for Ryan was dangerous every foot of the way, and it was due entirely to lack of training on the part of the loser that enabled McCoy to wear down Ryan and knock him out.

According to the story set in circulation shortly after the bout McCoy wrote letters to Ryan begging him for a match, as he was sorely in need of funds and a contest with Ryan would be a great help. McCoy is reported to have assured Ryan that it would be absolutely unnecessary for him to train, as he (McCoy) was in poor condition and could not possibly stand any sort of beating. Whether McCoy's pleadings had any effect on Ryan or whether any such pleading was indulged in is a question between Ryan and McCoy.

THE fact remains, however, that Ryan was far removed from good physical condition when he entered the ring, while McCoy was trained to the minute and fit to fight for his life. McCoy had done his training secretly in the New Manhattan A. C., Madison Avenue and 45th Street, and many who were cognizant of the scheme wagered and won heavily on his victory. For several years Ryan let the snickering pass without an answer, but in 1911, fifteen years after the battle, he gave his side of the controversy in the appended letter to the writer:

Syracuse, N. Y., June 14, 1911.

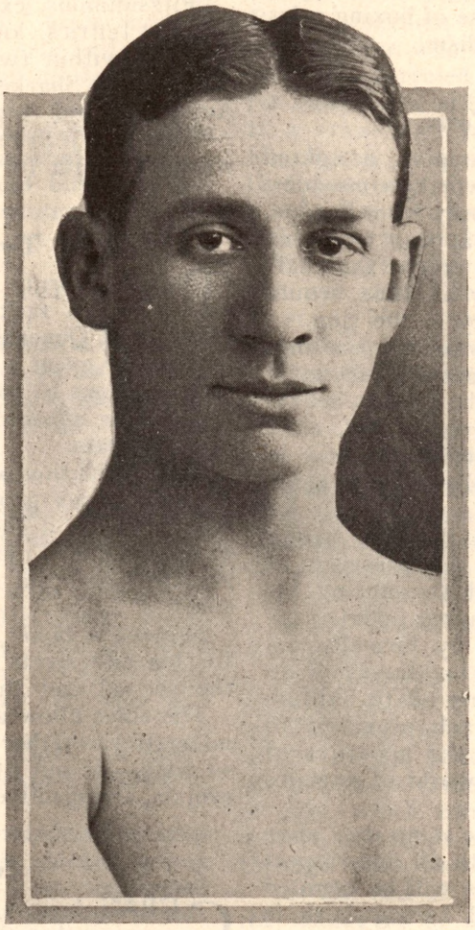
Friend Mathison:

"Yours of the 12th inst. received and wish to explain that my first meeting with Kid McCoy and until I met him at Maspeth, as I have heard and read so many untrue reports about that contest.

"I was training in Detroit to box Jack Dempsey at the Detroit Athletic Club the latter part of 1894. Parson Davies engaged McCoy to work with me at McCoy's suggestion. He did not care for the money consideration as he wanted to learn to box.

"At that time, as he was not strong and knew nothing whatsoever about the finer points of fighting, McCoy was with me a number of months and boxed with me often. At that time he was no good as a sparring partner, for he would stop in the middle of a bout if he was hit hard. However, I always showed him my style of boxing and he picked it up very readily.

"I HAVE also read a number of reports as to how McCoy was treated by me in regards to eating and sleeping.



Tommy Ryan

McCoy slept in the same room with me and ate at the same table and had everything that I had and as good as I had. He ate at Ed Anglemann's Cafe, and you know him well, he being a very well-known sporting man in Detroit. He will verify anything and everything I have said.

"The reason I am saying this is because of the stories that have been going around concerning my ill treatment of McCoy and how he duped me. Of course I do not know whether they originated with McCoy, but I have seen them often enough and they were supposed to have come from McCoy.

"IN regards to my contest with McCoy at Maspeth in 1896, we did not weigh in before going into the ring. McCoy weighed about 158 pounds and I'm pretty certain that is what the weight was supposed to be. I think that was the only time that McCoy weighed that little and won a fight. I don't exactly know what I weighed, but my weight in condition at that time was never beyond from 142 to 145 pounds.

"McCoy had just returned from England where he had been defeated by a man named White. I was in New York and came across McCoy and he kept telling me that he was in extreme hard luck and that he was boarding with his family in Long Island at a man's home who was interested in the club at Maspeth and that if he could get a match with some good fellow with a reputation, this man would put the bout on and McCoy could get a little money.

At that time I was welterweight champion and could fight at 145 pounds and McCoy was 158 or 160 pounds, had no reputation and was known by less than a handful of sportsmen. I was a friend of McCoy's and thought I was doing him a special favor and told him that if he could get the club in Maspeth to put him on I would fight him. But I never dreamed that the club would do so. It was more of a joke on my part than a honest-to-goodness agreement. It was agreed by us to split the purse regardless of the outcome, so certain was I that there would be no bout.

"WHEN the match was made I really took it up as a huge joke and did not train at all for the fight. For the life of me I cannot understand why McCoy wants the sporting public to believe that by writing me letters as he says he did, he got me

(*Continued on page* 25)

EDITORIAL COMMENT (*Continued from page 23*)

form of a proclamation signed by about fifty more or less proficient fighters which recites the 'great hardships' under which the pugilists labor and the impossibility of adequately providing for their old age.

"Present conditions are insupportable," the proclamation declared "Pugilists are at the mercy of their cruel masters. No provision is made for a lay-off on account of serious injury such as a broken arm or leg, and in case of such injury the friendless boxer is thrown on a cold and unsympathetic world."

It looks as if Cuba needs a Boxing Commission more than a union of boxers. The improvident boxer will not be any more prudent whether he belong to a union or not. But he does need protection while he is possessed of his earning power.

* * *

In the Realm of News

THE month of July was a thrilling one in the field of fistiana. The crowning of a new lightweight champion, the near loss of a world crown by Paul Berlenbach, who was thrown out of the ring in a Newark, N. J., fight, the death of two colorful fighters in Pancho Villa and Vincent (Pepper) Martin, the arrest and imprisonment of Tony Fuente for faking a fight in Arizona, the knockout of Eddie Shea by Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, bantamweight champion; the reversal of a referee's verdict by the Pennsylvania Commission, and the knockout of a Coast boxer, "Race Horse" Roberts, by a blow delivered by Referee Gorman while separating Roberts and Frankie Campbell, his opponent, were only a few of the many thrilling occurrences.

Seldom, during any one month, has the boxing world been treated to such oddities as occurred in July. In the case of Rosenberg, no sooner did the titleholder knock his opponent unconscious and retain the crown, then up went the cry among the betting fraternity that the contest was a fake and that Shea was paid for "laying down." As for this charge, the writer will dismiss it with the statement that so far as he could see, and he had a seat in the front row at the ringside, Shea and his opponent fought at top speed and bitterly, and the knockout was a legitimate one.

It is about time that the hue and cry of "fake" be eliminated from contests in which a championship is at stake. Rosenberg proved himself every inch a fighter in his contest with Shea and should not be robbed of the glory his victory entitles him to.

* * *

Goodrich, Lightweight Champion

THE crowning of Jimmy Goodrich as the successor to Benny Leonard meets with the approval of all who have the interests of clean boxing at heart. Goodrich's victory in the elimination tourney staged by the New York Athletic Commission was a meritorious one.

The Buffalo boy came into the tourney unheralded, with scarcely an expert, except in his home burg, giving him even the slightest chance. Yet Jimmy came through with flying colors. While true that Goodrich won one contest, that with Sammy Mandell, on a foul and a decision in another bout was questionable, yet he displayed greater punishing power and a keener fighting sense than any of the twenty odd men from all over the world who competed.

Jimmy should make a good champion. He is a clean cut boy, well behaved, a splendid family man and a fighter every inch of him. He has taken a leaf out of his predecessor's book by making wise investments with his ring earnings. His life history was so ably handled by Francis Albertanti in the last issue, that we shall not repeat it here.

Humbert J. Fugazy, because of his promotorial duties, has turned Goodrich over to Freddie Welsh, former world's lightweight champion. Freddie will handle Jimmy in all future battles and, according to present indications, these will be many. Goodrich, from our estimate of the boy, will not be a fightless titleholder. Nor will he be a champion who will pick only the easy marks.

The Ring extends to Jimmy the congratulations of its thousands of readers.

TOMMY RYAN RIDCULES TRICKERY OF McCOY (*Continued from page 24*)

tricked into making the match with him.

"In the first place I had already made the match with him as I said above, just as a joke as I never intended to train, for I did not think the match ever would come off. Yet I would have fought him no matter what happened. And if the sports would stop and think this matter over they could readily see that McCoy did not trick or kid me into any match as he wants them to believe.

"He was unknown, outweighed me fifteen or twenty pounds and I could get no money for fighting him that amounted to anything. I was welterweight champion and with plenty of welterweights to box at my own weight and why would I go out of my class to fight McCoy if it was not for friendship sake?

"A year after I fought McCoy I fought Tommy Tracey of Australia for the welterweight championship of the world and the weight we fought at was 142 pounds, two hours before entering the ring.

"That shows what my fighting weight was. McCoy always was a light heavyweight and never could fight at 158 and be strong.

"The best thing McCoy ever did in his fighting career was to beat a 145 pound man out of condition. There was nothing said in the articles in regards to the middleweight championship but we did not weigh in.

"So I hope that I have answered all the questions you ask satisfactorily and if there is anything else you want to know let me know."

Yours truly,

Tommy Ryan.

P. S.—"If I wasn't champion and on retiring handed it over to Hugo Kelly of Chicago, where did Papke or Ketchell get it?"

T. R.

IT is apparent from the postscript that Ryan in common with many of the old timers entertained the delusion that the holder of a title could make a present of the championship crown to a personal friend. Ryan on his retirement from the ring announced that he had slipped the title into Hugo Kelly's stocking one Christmas day. However, Ketchell, Joe Thomas and Billy Papke did not consider that Kelly belonged in the picture at all, fought it out among themselves, with Ketchell as the eventual winner.

Ryan also took exception to the assertion made by Charles White the referee of Horton law days in New York, to the effect that Ryan never held the middleweight title. White had written a series of articles on boxing for a New York newspaper, in the course of which he questioned Ryan's right to the title of the middleweight division. On this subject Ryan wrote to me as follows:

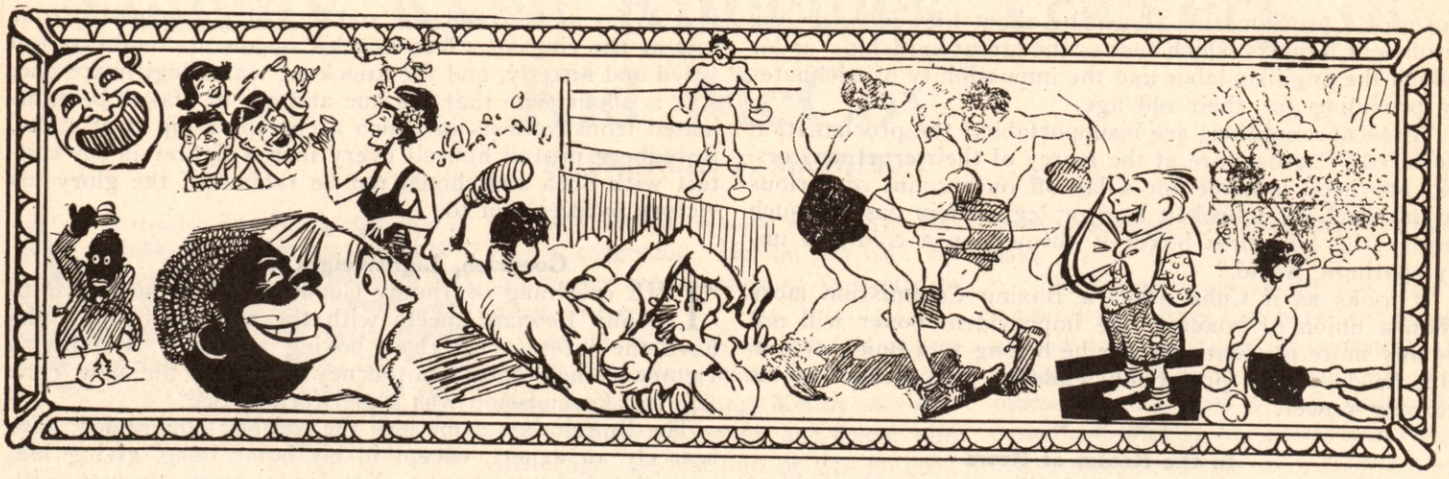
Syracuse, May 3, 1911.

C. F. Mathison.

Dear Sir.

"RECEIVED your letter in regard to the White article. I think he is off when he says I never fought for the middleweight title or held it.

(*Continued on page 31*)



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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The Ship Turned Into A Lion

I ATTENDED a boxing bout at the Grogan A. C. of Watervliet about 15 years ago. The principals in the main bout were Battling Nelson, former lightweight champion, and Frank Loughrey of Philadelphia. The semi-final brought together a colored boy, Kid McFarland, and Young Herman. McFarland was building himself up for a main bout and had already polished off a number of preliminary boys. This night, Young Herman, an unknown quantity, was put in as a substitute and McFarland did not know whom he was to meet until Young Herman, the white boy, climbed through the ropes.

The referee called both boys to the center of the ring for their instructions and while talking to them, Young Herman noticed that his negro opponent's arms and chest were tattoed so that there scarcely remained an inch of unoccupied space on these portions of his body. The Kid walked to his corner to await the gong and his manager noticed that he had a broad grin on his face. Just before the bell rang, his manager remarked: "What's the joke, Kid"

The Kid replied, "Did you see all the tattoo on that nigger's chest? Well, you see the ship right in the center? I am going to sink that ship before four rounds are over."

As things turned out, however, Young Herman met a Tartar in his negro opponent and was battered from pillar to post. The negro sent his opponent down three times for a count of nine in the first round and also closed one of Herman's eyes. The gong sounded ending the round and when Herman walked to his corner in a groggy condition, his manager remarked:

"Well, Kid, I thought you were going to sink that ship."

"Sink the ship," replied Kid Herman, "that was no ship on dat fella's chest, it was a lion and he done gone tried to eat me up."

PRIZE FOR STORIES

Readers are requested to send in stories of funny happenings in the ring.

For each story accepted THE RING will offer a prize of $2.00.

Let others share your laughter with you. Limit your story to 200 words.

After the contest Herman's manager walked over to the negro, who won the bout, and looked at his chest and there he verified the statement of his boy that the emblem in the center of all the tattoo was a ferocious looking lion representing the emblem of a coast artillery corps of which the negro was a member.

A few months after this contest, Herman went seven rounds with Sailor Burke in Brooklyn.

On Feb. 9, 1906, he fought Aurello Herrera a 20-round draw in Los Angeles. J. SAUNDERS.

He Wanted Something Slippery

ABOUT thirteen years ago there was staged at the Brisbane Stadium of Australia a tournament styled the Metropolitan Championships.

We had a chap down in Queensland who was beautifully built but very easily kidded. He was a tough fellow but had very little boxing ability. We entered him in the tournament and kidded him on what an easy time he'd have in winning the title.

He had never fought in the Stadium before and had no idea what resin was for. Well when we had our pug in the ring, we advised him to rub his boots in the resin box. Wha' for? said he. Oh, that'll stop you from slipping, we informed him.

He rubbed his boots well in the resin and then awaited the bell to start hostilities. Clang! went the gong, and out went our hero to receive the nattiest pasting a man could get. He was so slow that the other bird was all over him. The end of the round found our hero ready to drop.

We asked him how he felt after a few seconds, and he replied very slowly and thoughtfully. "Well I've been thinking and I guess you are wrong about that blasted resin. I wish you'd scrape off what's left on my boots and maybe I'll be able to slip some of those blimy hot shots that bird over there's landing on my dial—and say—I'm thinking again, maybe a bloke would slip clean out of the ring if the going gets too hard. So, for the love of Mike scrape that resin off my boots. R. A KUMAS,

Kirra, Queensland, Australia.

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL

The Dempsey-Greb Discussion

BOXING developments of the last month brought out quite a few rib ticklers, the funniest of which was the talk of a match between Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion of this well known universe, and Harry Greb, the middleweight title holder.

"The boxing writers of Chicago have picked Greb as the best opponent for Dempsey," announces Floyd Fitzsimmons.

If this be true, the climate of Chicago again has been indicted. If it be not true, the boxing writers of the Windy City should sue Fitzsimmons for libel, mayhem, arson and applesauce.

"Johnson fought Ketchell. Why not a Dempsey-Greb fight?" Fitzsimmons queries.

Yes, Johnson did fight Ketchel, the greatest middleweight the game yet has seen—and Johnson knocked him out in the twelfth round at Colma, Cal., in 1909. The negro battered the game Pole to a pulp while Ketchel could make little impression on the heavyweight.

Ketchell Carried A Knockout

KETCHEL was a rip-tearing scrapper with a knockout. Before fighting Johnson he knocked out Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Caponi, Joe Thomas, Billy Papke, Hugo Kelly and the two Sullivans—Mike and Jack Twin.

Greb is an interesting fighter but he has no punch. He would trouble Dempsey about as much as a little flea would bother a Newfoundland. He might give him an occasional peck but if the thing were on the up and up Greb would have little opportunity to peck.

Dempsey is a quick finisher. He could stop Greb in just one round if he went out to do it. If Dempsey couldn't whip Greb inside two rounds he would be asked to retire by the Society for the Perpetuation of the memory of John L. Sullivan. It would be a terrific blot on the title worn by John Lawrence.

Why Not Meet Genaro?

MY friend Bill McGeehan has mapped out an interesting schedule for Dempsey. He wants Jack to start his "comeback" with a terrific battle with Frankie Genaro, the flyweight champion, and gradually work up to a fight with Harry Wills.

"By that time all the Boxing Boards will have barred Wills under the age rule," adds Bill.

It certainly is ludicruous to see Dempsey even considering a so-called fight with Greb when Wills demands a chance and Gene Tunney also asks for an opportunity.

Is Jack Losing Confidence?

THERE is a lurking suspicion that Dempsey no longer is sure of himself.

On a par with the talk of a Dempsey-Greb fight is the report that Georges Carpentier is returning to this country to engage Young Stribling.

We hear that Gorgeous Georges is making quite a bit of money dancing at the ultra-smart cafes in Paris.

It is suggested that boxing in this country would be uplifted if Carpentier kept his dancing to Paris cafes. We have an oversupply of dancers in American rings right now.

Bring This Elephant On

AS for Paolino Uzcudon, the Basque Woodchopper, whom Europe regards as a possible successor to Dempsey —bring him on. Paolino will be interesting even if only because of his size. He has a neck like Hackenschmidt and they say his head is just as fat.

Well, some folks aren't happy unless they are questioning anything and everything. They are the sort of people who like to tell their children that there is no Santa Claus.

The biggest bane of boxing is the fact that it begets super-suspicion. No doubt boxing itself is to blame, for it has produced so many shady things. Still, there must be a fight here and there that's on the level.

SIZE always counts in boxing, Johnny Dundee had to give up the featherweight championship under the six months challenge rule. Jack Dempsey hasn't fought since he met Firpo two years ago, and a challenge from Wills has been on file for three years.

It Must Be the 60 Pounds

There is a difference of sixty pounds or so between Dundee and Dempsey. Yes, size counts!

A boxing expert who just has returned from the other side says, "There is only one fighter in Europe who would be worth a whoop in the United States—and that's Tommy Milligan, the welter and middleweight champion."

"Tawm is a Scot, and he's a canny Scot," goes on our informant. "He has offers to fight in New York but keeps shaving the percentage of his would-be American manager. Milligan is likely to give our ring financiers some lessons.

Willard's Great Headwork

STILL, we had some pretty good ones on this side. For example, Jess Willard delayed his training for the Dempsey fight for three weeks so that he could superintend the building of a garage behind his home in Chicago and save $150 in real cash.

Then there was Luis Angel Firpo, who wore paper collars.

And then there is Dave Shade, who from all accounts still has the first dollar he ever made in the ring.

More power to the boys who keep it. But the ring never did have much love for the bird with fish hooks in his pockets —and a one way chute to his bankroll.

HYPNOTISM

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Interesting Letter from a Reader

I HAVE before me the August issue of the "Ring." The urge to write came upon me after perusing the editorial "Ace Hudkins Not Yet Ready."

In these days of mediocre maulers, any boy who wins two or three decisions, in straight order, is sure to be acclaimed a sensation. Invariably the "sensation" soon subsides, as witness Jimmy Stattery, Russie Le Roy, Tiger Flowers (to a lesser degree) and Ace Hudkins.

I was present at the recent bout between Ace Hudkins and Sid Terris at East Chicago some few weeks ago. No matter how powerful an imagination a fight fan may have, he could not figure Hudkins as anything but a poor second-rater.

His exhibition of boxing would not have lasted more than three rounds if Terris had anything remotely resembling a good punch. Against a boy who knows anything about boxing, Hudkins would be hopelessly outclassed.

Terris made him miss so often that in the whole ten rounds the "Nebraska Bear Cat" did not land a half dozen clean blows.

If the fight promoters of New York ever think of matching Hudkins with any Gotham boy, I would suggest they secure the services of a boy who packs a punch and has a little knowledge of boxing. Solly Seeman would rack Hudkins to sleep inside of five rounds, that is, if he fights as good as he did against Mandell. He fought a great battle against Sammy and almost beat him. Hudkins is a false alarm, possessing no boxing ability. As in the case of Eddie Shea, who was rocked to sleep by Charley Rosenberg, a good fighter will put Hudkins away.

* * *

NOW for a word of comment on boxing generally. Boxing is no longer a sport, it's a business. The evolutionary process, by this I mean a steady improvement, is just as evident in boxing as in any other field of human endeavor.

The advent of Tex Rickard and all that the men and money behind him typify, is bringing to boxing the much-needed directive ability, organization and discipline. If the fight game is to live and prosper, as I believe it will, the temperamental champion must be taught the lesson of the movie star. From being all there was to the motion picture industry the motion picture star has been reduced to the more lowly and certainly more useful position of a cog in the wheel of a gigantic industry. This is good for the star, the industry and the public.

The prize fighter is a part of an industry that provides relaxation, rest and recreation for thousands of citizens. He, like the able men who are coming into the fight game, is rendering a service of inestimable value to the community for which he will be adequately rewarded. But he must not be permitted to arrogate unto himself the right to determine when, where and under what conditions he shall fight a la Dempsey.

Common sense would suggest, of course, that he have something to say. His opinion must be understood to be one viewpoint of a complex situation and this, together with the viewpoints of other interested parties would enable a higher authority to render an intelligent decision. The New York Boxing Commission is this idea in embryo but I am convinced that before this idea is generally accepted, corporations like that with Rickard as its nominal head, must exercise a growing influence, almost completely dominating the sport, or rather business. This seems to me inevitable.

Abuse of authority and power seems certain but notwithstanding this, the game, the participants and the fans will benefit. The present anarchy, with its fearful champions, its no decision contests, its second rate mitt slingers, is, I am sure, a prelude to a better day.

* * *

NEW YORK will remain the Havana or promised land of the ambitious fighter. The village of Gotham is unique in that it has almost ten million citizens from which to recruit an audience for a boxing match. There is no other city in America similarly placed.

New York will continue to furnish the game with champions in the lighter divisions. As a rule, crowded cities do not produce big men, physically, I mean. That is left for the great open spaces. Exceptions there are, of course.

The middle and light heavyweight classes offer the boxing thrills to-day. Nothwithstanding Slattery's defeat by Shade, the Buffalo boy should make good. Delaney is the best in this class and should have no difficulty outpointing Greb, Stribling or King Solomon.

Rosenberg will remain king of the bantams for some time. Walker, if he can make the weight, should beat Shade but even at that he cannot hold the title much longer.

Frankie Schoell, another product of Buffalo, may succeed Walker.

Genaro is the logical flyweight champion. There is no one in sight who could even extend him.

Terris, Mandell and Solly Seeman are the best among the lightweights. Goodrich, by virtue of his victory in the elimination tourney should be cabled the "World's Lightweight Champion." If the Commission does not so proclaim Goodrich, it will weaken its position as an authoritative body in boxing.

There is no heavyweight outside of Wills who could give Dempsey a fight. Tunney is a colorless fighter, good but not good enough.

Kid Kaplan should have no difficulty beating Babe Herman and retaining the featherweight title.

Fighting around Chicago is fair but it takes a classy importation to drag the fans out to East Chicago and Aurora. Harry Felix made a big hit with the crowd when he beat Joe Azzarella to a ten round decision at East Chicago on the night Sid Terris instructed Ace Hudkins in the art of self defense. Felix packs a heavier wallop than Terris and should beat his stable mate when he has a little more experience.

Archie Bell is another New York boy who makes a trip to the arenas worth while. He has yet to meet defeat.

Kid Howard and Jim Mullen are developing some real talent in their amateur sessions. Kid Howard now stages amateur bouts on Tuesdays and Saturdays and the patrons usually roll up in capacity quantities. The same goes for Mullen's on his Thursday night shows.

Bud Taylor brought a bunch of his boys up from Terre Haute to battle Chicago's amateurs at Kid Howard's Gymnasium. The Chicago boys won every fight actually taking the terror out of Terre Haute.

* * * * *

I LIKE The Ring. It is a fine, well gotten up publication. It has an historical bent I don't like. More people will read a daily paper than a learned treatise on Ancient Rome or the collapse of Carthage.

I understood that an editor must supply a variety for his readers. Some like to reminisce. Others like to argue on the outcome of next week's bout. The latter prepon-

(*Continued on page 29*)

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Interesting Letter from a Reader

(*Continued from page* 28)

derate, I believe, and make up the major portion of your subscribers.

For myself I want snappy comment on present-day fights and fighters. "Stop, Look and Listen," that's the dope. This Brady is a sensible fellow.

I like your editorials. In fact, I read them first, then I tackle those pithy paragraphs by Borden and others, following this up with the special articles, leaving the stories of Luke McGlook and his famous fights twenty years ago till the last.

One other good feature about The Ring is the complete absence of spectacular advertisements.

It takes a lot of money to run a magazine like The Ring. Cuts, postage, express and parcel rates, wages, printing and other incidental expenses mount pretty high and I am frank to say that I do not know how you make out at fifteen cents a copy.

Whatever the cost you do a good job.

JAMES MORRIS.

1247 No. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Our Answer to the Above

THANKS, Mr. Morris, for your splendid comment. Letters such as you have written are appreciated both by the Publisher and his staff. The Ring stands for all that is honest, all that is honorable in the field of sport. Your criticisms are welcome and we shall try to please you and others who agree with your views.

To such readers of The Ring, the Editor must call attention to the fact that our readers are about equally divided on the subject matter. Inquiry on our part has resulted in such close division of opinion that it is necessary, in order to cater properly to all, to devote our limited space about half and half to modern and old-time boxing news. Furthermore, it is our object to keep The Ring from being a cut and dried record book or press agent's magazine and to do so it is necessary to carry several magazine stories on the old-timers.

Mr. Morris contends, modern boxing lacks the color of the old-time game. It lacks the thrills and the ringside spectacle of the past. Hence, Mr. Morris and others who agree with his criticism of our subject matter must readily understand that to get the proper punch to a magazine story on boxing, one must go back to the bare-knuckle, skin-tight glove days and the days of the great champions of a generation ago.

This is our answer to Mr. Morris' criticism. The Ring invites opinions from others on this all-important matter.

Boxing in Europe

By WILLIAM H. ("SPARROW") ROBERTSON

(*Special Correspondence to* THE RING)

PARIS, France—During the summer months in Europe the boxing promoters to a great extent shut down and give the game a much needed rest. As they say in England, a considerable "flutter" was given boxing the past few weeks in Europe, first, by the visit of champion Jack Dempsey, and later on by Harry Wills.

The world's champion was received in England, France and Germany in royal style and he made a most favorable impression with not only boxing enthusiasts, but with the general public at large. When he appeared as referee at a bout in Paris the huge Gaumont Palace was jammed as never before and the champion received a tremendous ovation.

When Dempsey boxed for the hospital benefit at the Harry Preston annual Essex Hospital benefit at Brighton, England, the house tallied about twice as big a gate as on any previous year. Dempsey sparred with four different partners on that occasion, and he gave exhibitions that fairly startled the British experts.

THE London "Sporting Life and Sportsman" commenting on his work said that "never before in the history of heavyweights have we witnessed such a dazzling display as given by Jack Dempsey and we now know why he is the champion of the world."

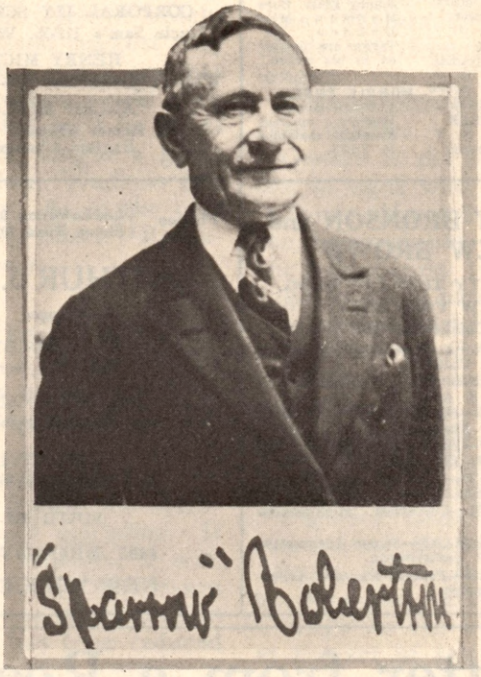
Dempsey gave his services free for the hospital benefit and in addition dug down for a good sized donation. Harry Preston the millionaire sportsman who does so much in a way for charity sent a wire to Dempsey on the day of his sailing which read: "You came to England and you conquered, the whole country loves you for what you did. I thank you from the bottom of my heart and can only reward you by saying may God bless you and Mrs. Dempsey."

Not Excited About Wills

THE arrival of Harry Wills did not cause much of a flutter. The reception he received on arriving at the Gare Saint Lazare in Paris was mostly from the American negroes who reside in Paris. Wills remained in the "Gay City" for just four days, then he pulled up stakes and left for Warsaw, where he informd me he would spend a couple of weeks with some friends.

Wills of course said that he will be pleased to fight Jack Dempsey at any time and place. While in Europe the big black fellow said that he would not put a glove on. He informed me that he had passage booked to sail for home the latter part of August.

My old friend Francois Descamps, who now manages the affairs of the Spanish heavyweight champion Paolino, came out with an offer for Paolino to meet Wills in Spain during September for a purse of some 2,000,000 francs which has been



offered for such a bout by a promoter of Barcelon. Of course there is no chance of such a bout taking place. Any way Wills was not interested in the offer when he heard of it.

THIS Spanish heavyweight champion is one tough young hombre. He has not yet reached his twenty-first year, but he has lots to learn about the scientific part of the boxing game. Paolino has had considerable tuition from Georges Carpentier and Descamps during the past three months, and he has improved considerable since being attached to the Descamps stable.

Paolino is about as tough a man physically as has ever been seen in the ring. He can hit a tremendous blow and he can take anything that has been handed to him by any European boxer. He has never been knocked down during his ring career which extends over two years. Even with his inexperience he is a mighty dangerous fellow for any heavyweight to tackle.

French Champion Beaten

IN a match for the championship of France held at Marseilles, on July 20, Maurice Prunier the holder of the middleweight championship lost to M. Romerio the pride of Lyons, in the ninth of a scheduled twenty round bout. The towel was thrown in to prevent the old champion being completely knocked out.

The up to date list of French champions is as follows: Flyweight—Andre Gleizes; bantamweight—Andre Routis; featherweight—Charles Ledoux; lightweight—Lucien Vinez; welterweight—M. Romerio; middleweight—Francis Charles; light heavyweight — Raymond Bonnel; heavyweight—Georges Carpentier. As French champions have to defend if called upon with in six months after receiving a challenge, the titles change quite frequently.

During the summer season there have been several Dutch and Belgium boxers appearing at the Ring Arena, in London. Piet Brand, a Dutch middleweight met Sid Chilton, of Kentish Town. At the end of the ninth round of the scheduled fifteen Chilton went to his corner about all in. Referee Jim Kenrick wanted him to quit but he insisted on going on. During the tenth round he was getting slaughtered and the referee stopped the bout to save the Kentish Town battler from needless punishment.

Bruno Frattini the Italian champion middleweight, who recently lost the European title to the Scottish champion Tommy Milligan, has issued a challenge to the Scot for a return match, and the fight will probably be arranged to be held during the fall season in England.

If THE RING is not sold in your city let us know.

Dealers who do not now obtain THE RING are requested to communicate with us and we will see that our national distributor takes care of your needs.

Young Stribling's Coast to Coast Tour

YOUNG STRIBLING has followed the method used by John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and many another great boxer to force the public to focus its eye on him. Stribling, who recently made his debut as a full fledged heavyweight, has set out to win for himself eventually the crown which Jack Dempsey now holds.

In order to impress on the American public, especially that of the Middle and Far West, his qualifications, Stribling decided on a Coast to Coast tour which started on June 1 and winds up this month. On this tour Stribling not only gave exhibitions but engaged in several major bouts.

Accompanying Stribling was his mother, who is his constant companion and advisor, Pa Stribling, Bill's young brother, Ray Schiffer, his sparring partner and Jay J. Thomas, advance agent. Schiffer is only twenty years old but a veritable Behemoth. He weighs 226 pounds and stands 6 feet 7 inches in his socks. Schiffer is the biggest boxer in American ring history since Freeman, who flourished more than 100 years ago.

The Stribling tour was made in a specially constructed car, which the party made its home for three months.

Ryan Ridicules McCoy

(*Continued from page* 25)

"On Oct. 24, 1898, I fought Jack Bonner at Coney Island. And the contest was advertised in all the N. Y. papers as a middleweight contest. Bonner just having knocked Creedon out in one round.

"On Sept. 18, 1899, I fought Frank Craig, The Harlem Coffer Cooler, who was then champion middleweight of England at Coney Island and knocked him out in ten rounds. That contest was also advertised in the N. Y. papers as a middleweight contest for the middleweight championship, Siler refereed.

"On Sept. 15, 1902, I fought Kid Carter, at Fort Erie. That also was advertised and recognized as a middleweight contest. Siler also refereed and I knocked Carter out in six rounds.

"I also challenged any middleweight in the world who could do the middleweight limit, and stood ready to defend the title.

"Fitzsimmons repeatedly said he could not do the limit and went into the heavyweight class.

"All these contests were advertised as championship affairs and were recognized as such all over the country.

"Would like to have you fix this up for the paper. I noticed some of those articles saying they fought with kid gloves to a finish. I think that I have fought more finish fights with kid gloves than any boxer in the country as all my first fights were fought that way.

'Yours truly,
Tommy Ryan."

"P. S.—Are you the Mathison that was on the Detroit Free Press a number of years ago? "T. R."

THERE is no question that Ryan was the holder of the middleweight title, for he defeated the best of the crop after the retirement of Fitzsimmons. The latter won the middleweight honors from Jack Dempsey at 154 pounds ringside, but never made that weight in defense of his honors. In fact when Fitz and Jim Hall met in New Orleans, supposedly for the title, Fitz scaled 167 and Hall 163.

Ryan's admission that McCoy weighed in at 158 pounds for the Maspeth batte is interesting because it proves that McCoy won the championship in that encounter. Yet McCoy never could again make the weight, and Ryan regained the title and held it up to the time of his retirement.

"TO TWO WARRIORS"

(Vincent "Pepper" Martin Pancho Villa)

By NORMAN DALY

GONG!

How quiet and still you are!
Are you at ease at last?
Now that the fever of the day is spent,
The hours of strife toll no more.
From the muscular limbs
All anguish slips
As you lie lapped in rest.
Youthful heads pillowed soft upon Death's velvet.

GONG!

Alas! lie still, 'tis only the Chapel's bell.
The ringside gong is stilled—it clangs no more—
For you.
No, you are quiet—
And forever.
For us, the silence is loud with tears,
Echoing from the distant hills.

GONG!

No more will we watch you strive
For worldly honors here.
Good-bye, Youths.
The Great Referee has beckoned you.
Go! He will render the decision.

GONG!

We loved you so.
How you lie—
So strangely still, like the hour before dawn.
Or falling snow.
So quiet; unmoved; so pale.
Peace be with you, Warriors.
Farewell.

GONG!

NEW ENGLAND BOXING NOTES

By COLMAN J. NEE

The outdoor shows in this section have been attracting the fans in good numbers and with continued good weather there is no telling what the record attendance will be at the close of the outdoor season.

Jack Elliot, the English middleweight, made his first American appearance in Portland, Maine, this month. He gained a newspaper award over tough Pete Starmate, the ex-wrestler from Nashua, N. H.

The Jim Maloney-King Solomon bout at Braves Field, Boston, was a thriller between a terrific hitter, Maloney, and one of the cagiest big fellows to exhibit his wares in this section in many moons, King Solomon, a great showman, who is bound to be popular wherever he makes his appearance. Maloney started in his characteristic plan of carrying the battle to the King only to find out that "His Majesty" was very well versed in the finer points of protecting himself at any cost and it was only Dynamite Jimmy's dogged aggressiveness that swung the tide of battle his way in the closing rounds of the melee.

Jimmy's terrific body blows slowed up the King, but in the eighth round Solomon "opened up" and had Maloney on "queer street" at the bell, but the South Boston contender made a great comeback in the next two stanzas and received the award in a bout that demonstrated beyond a doubt that Maloney is coming along rapidly. The King's nifty bowing and his standing up during the minute rest period was a "wow" and as he left the ring he was accorded an ovation.

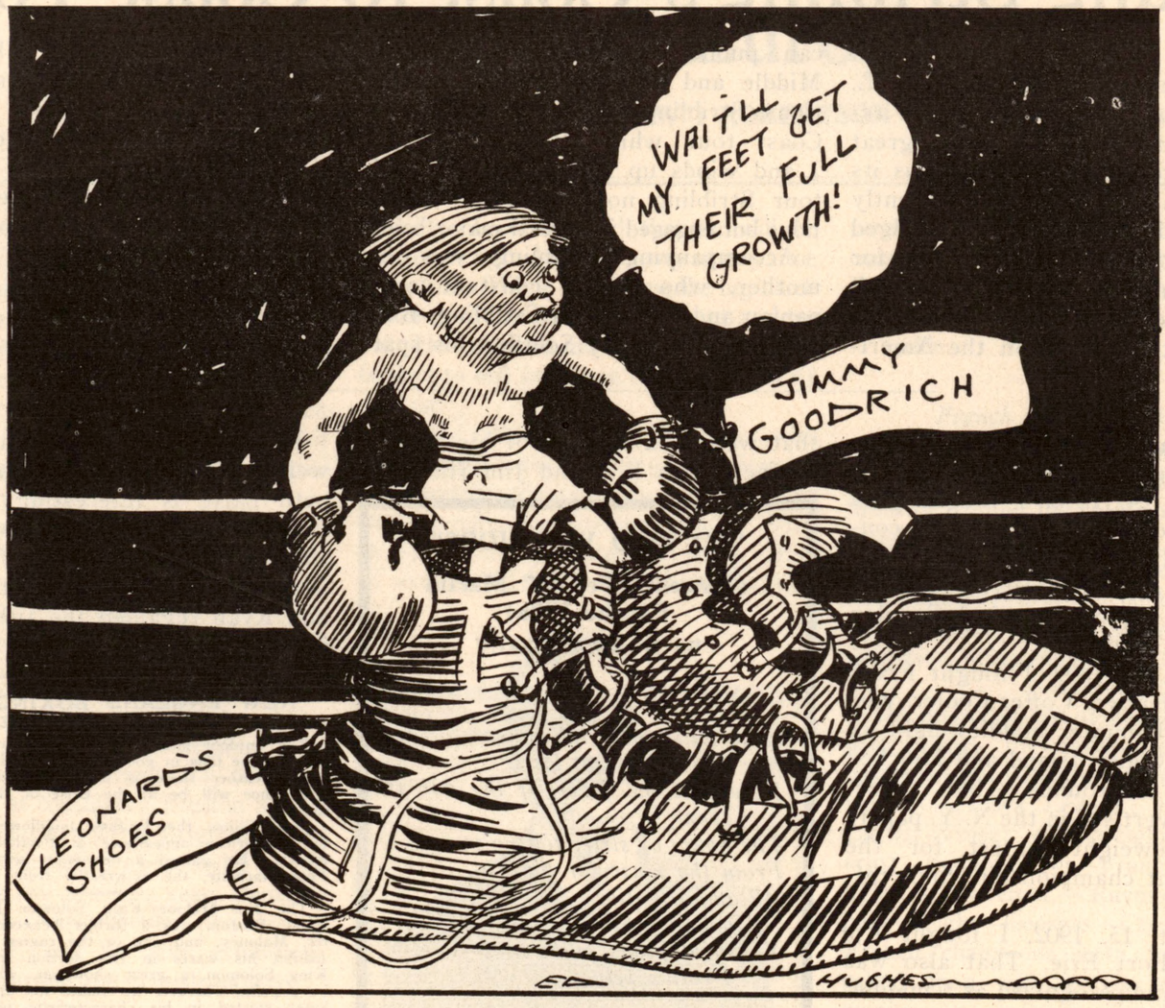
Al Mello, the Lowell boy, stopped the veteran Shaver O'Brien in one round in the semi-windup at this show in a great punching fest. Mello is the former national amateur and Olympic welterweight champion who has cut a wide swath in the ranks of the pros since deserting the simon pures. Since his bout with O'Brien, he has knocked out his old rival, Frankie Quill, of Nashua. Mello is handled by hustling Bobby Goldman, who is grooming him for "shots" with the very best in his class.

Lew Perfetti, that whirling dervish, scored a technical k. o. over Sammy Bienfeld in the feature bout of the Moody A. C., Lowell, this month, in a thrilling scrap. Both boys hail from the big town and as the Spindle City fans "go to" the local talent, the show did not go financially, but Cecil Dodge, the promoter, a great sport, will try again. Perfetti is a favorite in Boston rings.

A Tiger Flowers-Jock Malone bout is in the making for Boston fans and little Sammy Fuller, of Boston's North End, is slated to meet Bantam Champ Rosenberg here in the near future and Boston's Jack Sharkey is booked to meet the western heavy sensation, Bud Gorman, under the auspices of the Fanueil A. A. so, all in all, it looks like a large summer for boxing fans in this neck of the woods.

Chick Suggs, that great little battler from New Bedford, finds himself in the unusual position of challenger although he is the bantam and featherweight champion of New England. None of the boxers hereabouts care to mingle with the little dusky warrior, who has hung up about 50 straight victories and with the system now in vogue wherein the manager of the main bout brings along his own preliminary boys, it shuts out Suggs and others who have championship ability and it should not be tolerated.

A Difficult Task—By Ed. Hughes



Boxing in the U. S. Army

By CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

IN the not so dim past it was a difficult matter to supply sufficient numbers of recruits to keep the enlisted force at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, at sufficient strength to function properly, according to the 3rd Corps Area Gazette. Today Fort Bragg is considerably over-strength and there is a waiting list of men who will take no other assignment.

One reason for this condition is that Fort Bragg has now been definitely established on the boxing map of the U. S. One of the post buildings has been remodeled and equipped as training quarters for boxers, the idea being to get hold eventually of the biggest and best professionals of the game to make Fort Bragg their Southern training quarters. They will be encouraged to join the Organized Reserves, to use the training quarters without expense to themselves and to appear in local boxing shows.

Wherever big boxing shows are given throughout the state, a pair of Fort Bragg boxers usually put on the curtain raiser. Lieut. Bryant, the local recruiting officer, goes along and makes a brief talk about Army boxing. A man is then put into the ring to skip the rope and shadow box, following which two others demonstrate the barred blows, such as rabbit and kidney punches. A couple of rounds with 8-ounce gloves follow.

Gold plated belts are given to the winners in the various annual tournaments. The winners are compelled to accept all challenges and defend their trophies within three months after receiving their challenge or forfeit. The men holding belts at the end of the fiscal year keep them and new ones are put up. This provides keener competition and increased interest on the part of the public toward the end of the fiscal boxing year, just when recruiting is ordinarily beginning to slacken.

One of the best ads the Recruiting Service of the Army could have would be a go between Lieut. Bryant's outfit of the 4th Corps Area and Capt. Mabutt's in the 3rd. Why not?

THE Recruiting Officer at Baltimore, Maryland, Captain Charles J. Mabut, QMC, conducts a boxing school for the 3rd Corps Area at Camp Holabird, Maryland. Prominent among the members of his class are soldiers on duty with the corps area recruiting service. A knowledge of boxing, incidentally, is one of the best qualifications a man in the 3rd Corps Area can have, provided his personality, character, and percentage of energy are up to snuff, for assignment to recruiting duty.

A recruiting personnel that can stage a boxing bout among its members, or which can place one of its members in the ring opposite some local champion, has a most acceptable visiting card in any community it may visit. Such is the case in the 3rd Corps Area.

Many pupils at the school are well known because of their boxing prowess. Sgt. Faulk Finch and Cpl. Charles Jared are middleweight champion of the Army and light heavyweight champion of the Army, respectively. Sgt. Lester Maylie is heavyweight champion of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Capt. Maybutt is a great believer in boxing as a means of recreation.

King Solomon Syrian Jew, Says W. C. Haskins

Editor of The Ring:

Dear Sir.—Eddie Borden's reference to the nationality of King Solomon, the Colon heavyweight, is both correct and incorrect. The King is a Syrian Jew. Evidently Borden is unaware that a Syrian can be a Jew. Practically all the Syrians in Colon, and there are quite a lot of them, are Jews in religion. Apropos of your excellent magazine, it would be a source of pleasure to your fistic fan readers on the Isthmus, if you would cover the performances of local fighters now in the States—Lombardo, Solomon, Walcott, and Abad.

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

TWO more champions successfully defended their laurels in July. It took Charley (Phil) Rosenberg four rounds to flatten Eddie Shea, of Chicago, foremost contender for the bantam mythical diadem, and Louis (Kid) Kaplan, feather king, had a workout at the expense of Billy Kennedy, of New Orleans, at Bayonne, N. J., in preparation for his decision tilt with Babe Herman.

Rosey knocked the skids from under the chunky Shea's legs at the New York Velodrome, July 16, the star attraction of the Jewish Relief Fund's crackerjack show. The champ dropped the invader twice in the third. Two triphammer rights in the next stanza laid low Shea as if shot. It was a whale of a battle while it lasted.

The 13,000-odd fight fans got more than their money's worth. They saw Bushey Graham make Abe Goldstein look like the proverbial tyro in the eight semi-final; Phil (K. O.) Kaplan come from behind to trounce Sergeant Sammy Baker; Johnny Drew hold the tough Mike Dundee to a draw, and Ruby Goldstein continue his winning streak by larruping Joe Malone. The net receipts amounted to a little more than $59,000. The charity benefitted to the extent of $10,000.

The monetary "battle" between Promoter Humbert J. Fugazy, of the Italian Hospital Fund bouts, and Paddy Mullins, manager of Harry Wills, came to an official close July 29. Paddy steadfastly refused to take a cut of five percent from the twenty written in the contract for the Brown Panther's services against Charley Weinert. By command of the New York State Athletic Commission Paddy was paid in full—$66,855!

To show his heart was in the right place, Mullins contributed $5,000. It was hinted that Paddy donated this amount from his "end," which if he cuts Wills one-third amounted to a little more than $20,000.

We will all rise and sing that popular ballad entitled: "America I Love You."

Paul (Broken Back) Berlenbach, Mike McTigue's successor, made a show of himself in a Newark, N. J., ring, July 13. The light-heavyweight champion put up such a crude exhibition that Referee Harry Lewis evicted him and Young Marullo, his opponent, from the place after fifty-three seconds of the ninth of twelve scheduled stanzas. Lewis acted a bit too hasty, we thought. He allowed the mess to go that long and he might as well have had the boys finish it.

Marullo was leading on points. He had the lumbering Berlenbach falling all over the ropes. Opportunity was knocking at his door, but he failed to take cognizance of same. Chief Inspector Platt Adams held up their money for one day and then decided to pay them. Paul received $6,000. Pretty soft. Berlenbach complained that he injured his right mauler in the fourth. He is a terrible bust as a titleholder. Looks like he'll never do.

Although he doesn't own a title, Sid Terris is making a fortune. He went all the way to Chicago to give "Ace" Hudkins a boxing lesson, and upon his return boxed rings around Charley O'Connell. In his last appearance he battled Basil Galiano, at Coney Island.

Manager Dan Caplin is going to give Sid a long rest. He does not intend to have him lace a glove on his hands until the middle of next month. He deserves it.

Jose Lombardo, the Panama featherweight, showed a return to form on July 17, by flattening Ruby Stein in eight rounds at Rockaway. On the same night Davey Abad trimmed Tommy Milton.

Dave Shade is another big money getter. For knocking out Jimmy Slattery the Californian drew down $5,000. Money in this instance wasn't half as much as the glory that went with the victory. A few weeks later Shade travelled to Scranton, Pa., to grab $7,500 for a 10-round splurge with Morrie Schlaiffer. He was matched with Bobby Barrett in Philadelphia several nights later, but Bob got sick or something and the whole show was cancelled. In the three years he has been exhibiting his wares in these parts, Dave has amassed a young fortune. He owns a commodious home on the Concourse, is the father of two children and lives a happy life.

There is no stopping Cick Suggs, self-styled bantam and feather champion of New England. The little negro walloped the daylights out of Tommy Murray, of Philadelphia, at the Commonwealth, July 25.

A trick edition of Joe Grim has been uncovered in the person of Jack Burke, Pittsburgh light-heavyweight. He was knocked for a row of tenement brick houses by Jimmy Slattery at the Milk Fund Show. On July 24 at the Coney Island Stadium, Tex O'Rourke's lad served as a punching bag for Jack Delaney. Andy Griffin was within his rights when he stopped the slaughter in the ninth round. Delaney all but threw the water bucket at him.

Burke didn't land three clean punches all through the melee. For the most part he was on the receiving end. When the referee intervened Burke hurled abusive language at him for which he was properly set down by the Commission. If he continues to take unnecessary punishment, Burke will wind up cutting paper dolls.

Matchmaker John Leon smiled his first smile in weeks recently when a profit showed on the ledger of the Coney Island Stadium. He arranged a corking card for a change on which Jimmy Slattery returned to the wars pitted against Maxey Rosenbloom and Sid Terris vs. Basil Galiano. He made a little money with the Delaney-Burke fracas, but in three or four previous shows he blew a bundle.

"Furious" Tommie Furrie is making his headquarters nowadays between Troy and Albany. Tom manages two good up-state boys.

Harry Lenny went to the expense of looking up Izzy the Painter's ancestry. He discovered that the elongated Hebrew is a Virginia "blue blood." Izzy's right name is Isidore Faber Gastenfeld. For all that Izzy is one of the finest fellows you'd ever want to meet. In the good old days in New York he used to drive a hack. With the inception of the Walker Law, Izzy got a license as a second. He is one of the very best in the business.

Battlink Siki dropped a decision to a roughneck on the west side. The Singular Senegalese received a deep gash wound on his left cheek. He refused to prosecute the slasher. It is related that a few nights previous Siki treked over to Jersey to knock out Jimmy Francis in jig time.

Bill Brown was a pleasant visitor to THE RING office the other day. While he was about it the sage of Brownsdale expressed the opinion that if Jack Dempsey ever meets Harry Wills, the Brown Panther will be returned victorious. Bill is getting younger by the second.

Tom McArdle is making a world of money for Si Flaherty at the Queensboro. He hasn't had a losing show since he went in as matchmaker. It pays to be on the level—Tom's word is his bond.

Suppose you're sick and tired reading after Mr. Dempsey. As this issue is romping to press the latest advices from Los Angeles state that promising John will meet Mr. Wills, July 4, 1926. If you are a bettor steer clear of Jack's latest statement. It sounds like bunk to us. We reiterate he'll never fight again.

After seventeen years of active ring service "Italian" Joe Gans, the veteran Brooklyn middleweight, has finally found himself. Gans, always considered an in-and-outer by the fistic elite, has made the fans look up to his work in the past few months. After whipping Vic McLaughlin and Ivy Eshelman, he turned in an impressive victory over Morrie Schlaiffer, the Caveman from Omaha. Schlaiffer was rated four to one over "Chesty Joe." Two weeks ago at the Coney Island Stadium, Gans fought Larry Estridge a draw.

Young Bob Fitzsimmons satisfied his legion of admirers by turning in a knockout victory over Romero Rojas, tough Chilian, in three rounds, at the Laurel Gardens, of Newark, recently. Fitzsimmons accomplished this enviable feat with a short, snappy right-hand punch on the chin. The Chilian was completely out when the toll of ten was finished. This makes eight consecutive triumphs for the son of Ruby Robert.

Eddie Main, a bantamweight from Troy, N. Y., is now making New York City his home. Taking part in twenty professional contests, Eddie has emerged the victor in nineteen and getting a draw in the other.

James Joyous Johnston is as sure as the sun shines that Jack Dempsey's successor will come out of Uncle Sam's navy. Jim Sigman is J. J. J.'s prospect. Right now Siggy holds the heavyweight championship of our war forces.

"Jim is in town carrying a chip on his shoulder," writes Johnston. "None are barred, black or white. He stands six feet three inches, weighs in condition 200 pounds, is twenty-three years old and was born in Cleveland, N. C. Has just served four years in the navy and won the heavyweight championship June 6 by defeating the hard-hitting Ted Snyder, the man whom Leo P. Flynn, Jack Kearns and Jack Doyle predicted would be the next champion. But Sigman upset the dope by whipping Snyder in an easy manner.

"Sigman is after the scalp of Jim Maloney, Jack Sharkey, King Soloman, Jack Renault, Gene Tunney or Harry Wills. Anyone will do.

"Sigman's ancestors date back to the Revolutionary days. One of them was on the staff of General Washington during the war of 1776. Another was on the staff of General Lee during the Civil War and his brother was a captain in the World War. So at last the American boxing fans have a real dyed-in-the-wool American to win the world's title.

"Sigman's first contest was in Madison Square Garden last year, and the easy manner in which he whipped two of his opponents caused no end of talk as to his possibilities."

Harry Lenny has a corking lightweight prospect in Harry Gaba, Yorkville lightweight.

Carl Maine, welterweight product in the amateur ranks, announces his intention of turning professional. Carl has tackled the leaders in the medal chasing class and is confident of repeating his success in the money ranks.

Murray Gitlitz, former Olympic amateur champion, who hails from New Haven, Conn., may be the man who will eventually turn into a prominent contender for the heavyweight championship. Murray defeated Johnny Urban and knocked out Frank Johns in two successive bouts. Murray is a Hebrew-American and has the support of hordes of fistic followers who are anxious to see a real Jewish contender for the heavyweight crown.

Al Bain, a youngster from Newark, N. J., fighting in the middleweight ranks, appears to possess a promising future. Bain is only about eighteen but owns a natural right-hand punch which has played havoc with many of his rivals. With another year of seasoning, Al will be ready to step into the ring against the best of them.

Meyer Cohen, formerly fighting under the name of Kid Carson, is now a resident of New York. Originally from Holyoke, Mass., where he compiled a good record around the New England States, Cohen is seeking additional worlds to conquer and is anxious to tackle the best. His first start here resulted in an easy victory over Pip Damis, reputed a knockout king. Cohen also whipped Al Sears, who had given Sergt. Sammy Baker a tough fight. Meyer is under the management of Jimmy Bronson and Lew Brown.

Milton Cohen, formerly of the east side, now making his home in Cleveland, is doing exceedingly well. Milton, around these parts, was a clever kid with a stabbing left hand. Most of the bantams around these parts ducked him on general principles.

According to Frank Jacobs, who handled him around New York, Miltie has scored seven straight victories, the last victim being Jimmy Trannet, who made a good showing at Madison Square Garden when he appeared in a 6-round preliminary.

His left hand once more in perfect working order, Jack Zivic, Pittsburgh junior welterweight, has resumed training for an ambitious and strenuous campaign being lined up for him by his managers, Jimmy Bronson and Lou Brown.

Until he fractured his fist on Lew Tendler two months ago Zivic was tearing through the junior welterweight ranks at a sensational clip. He had previously knocked Tendler out in five rounds in Pittsburgh. Zivic also had registered k. o.'s over Nate Goldman, Archie Walker, Johnny Darcy, Ray Mitchell, Bobby Tracey and Al Delmont, and had defeated Sid Barbarian, Johnny Mendelsohn, Joe Tiplitz, Charlie White, Pete Hartley, Ever Hammer, Jack Rappaport and Harry Kid Brown.

Zivic is eager to meet Tendler in a third match. It is quite likely that the bout will be arranged, for promoters in both Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have entered bids for it. Meanwhile, Zivic has several other matches pending.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.
By PATSY DONOVAN

On July 1 Eddie Bowen easily defeated Hank Dundee of Baltimore in the main event at the Washington Barracks. Bowen was far too good for the Baltimore boy and only through sheer gameness did Dundee manage to go the ten rounds. Dundee received a wonderful hand on leaving the ring for his game stand against such a classy opponent. Jack Cody of Ft. Myer won a technical k. o. over Jack Kaufman in the semi-final bout. Kid Slamey lost by a shade to Jack Cafona. Pep Albee bested Joe Piscatella in the six rounders.

Ft. Myer resumed its bi-monthly shows on July 16 with Al Foreman meeting Paddy McNulty in the feature bout. McNulty never had a chance with his soldier opponent. He was much outclassed when his seconds refused to let him answer the bell for the eighth round. Foreman showed more class in defeating the ex-Navy champion than in any bout here to date. Jack Cody easily defeated Billy Harris in the semi-final. Frenchie Rouseau had the better of Billy Edwards in six rounds and Kid West knocked out Gordon Staples in the opener. Over 2,500 fans paid to see the show.

Lieutenant Paterson, Athletic Officer at Ft. Myer, Va., is sure one booster for the boxing game at his post. In addition to helping arrange the cards there, he also supervises the training of all the soldier boxers on the post. Much credit must be given the lieutenant for the rapid rise of Al Foreman. Six months ago Foreman was fighting the curtain raisers, while today he is regarded as the best boxer in town.

Heinie Miller, matchmaker at the City Club, put a show on for the members in old California style—all four-rounders, with plenty of action. Harry "Kid" Groves easily defeated Sailor Oden in the main event. Sammy Hogan bested Johnnie Walker, Terry O'Day beat Joe Piscatella, Joe Comiskey and Johnnie Conroy boxed a draw, Kid Jackson won a technical knockout over Pepco Barry, Frank De Angelo and Kid Slamey drew, while Young Tobey and Billie Mitchell, aged 10 years, opened the show with a three-round exhibition. The bouts were full of action all the way.

The Riding Hall at Ft Myer, Va., where bouts are held every other week, is one of the largest in-door boxing arenas in the country. The hall has a seating capacity of 8,000. Bouts conducted there are up to the minute in every way. When the bouts are held soldiers are used as ushers and the Post Band always plays.

Before The Ring is off the press Al Foreman and Honey Boy Finnegan will have settled the question as to which boy will remain the idol of the local fans. Up to recently the Honey Boy was the favorite of all Washington, but due to the rapid rise of Foreman many of the fans have changed their views. The bout should draw a capacity house at Ft. Myer and each boy should be well paid for his troubles.

Jack Cody, Ft. Myer lightweight, is rapidly coming to the front. In his last three starts in semi-final bouts he has won handily. The writer would not be surprised to see Jack in main goes in the near future.

Pep Albee is another local boy rapidly coming to the front. Pep has yet to be defeated in the preliminiary ranks. His next bout is with Sammy Hogan of the Mohawk Club. The local fans will be able to get a very good line on Pep in this bout, since Hogan is a real good boy.

Jack Kendrick, Navy middleweight, is regarded as the hardest puncher in town. When Jack hits them they stay put. In all bouts to date Jack has won by the k. o.

"Texas" Stovall, local welterweight favorite, is on a vacation to his home state, Texas. Stovall will be seen in action here about September 1.

Harry "Kid" Groves is now the proud daddy of a fine baby boy.

Much comment pro and con as to whether Young Dencio, local flyweight, should be chosen a contestant in the tournament to decide the successor to the late Pancho Villa in the event such tournament takes place. Frank Dane, Dencio's manager, is strong with praise for his little Fillipino fighter, but some of the local sporting writers see things different. In the writer's opinion, Dencio can lick any junior flyweight (105 lbs.) in the world. Dencio has boxed Izzy Schwartz Little Jeff, Benny Schwartz, Johnnie Buff, Kid Burke and many others, in each case giving many pounds of weight to his opponent. Dencio also holds decisions over Elino Flores and Pete Saramento. Dencio and Black Bill would sure be a whang of a go.

Terry O'Day is still going strong in Charlotte, N. C. In the past two months Terry has made four starts in the Southern City and won handily each time. Before The Ring goes to press Terry will have boxed Lukie Tenner, featherweight champion of the South, at Charlotte, N. C.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Al Fremin, promoter for the American Legion in Biloxi, announces that he has secured the services of some of the best boys in the South for his shows this month. The following are some who will perform: Earle Bascle, who has not met with a single defeat in his last fifteen starts, will meet Pockie Lockie for the flyweight championship of the Gulf Coast in the most important contest. Gus Betz clashes with Big Boy Peterson, Nick Virgets vs. Ray Schaeffer and Joe Lewis vs. "Tut" Seymour.

Bub Seymour, Biloxi featherweight, received one of the worst decisions a boxer was ever given in a New Orleans ring when Percy Vinet was awarded the verdict over him last month. Seymour took six of the ten rounds, three were even, while one only could be credited to Vinet. All the newspapers were unanimous in declaring Seymour the winner. They will meet in Biloxi some time this month.

Milton Manguno, Crescent City bantamweight, will be seen in action shortly along the Gulf Coast. He will clash with the winner of the Earl Bascle vs. Pockie Lockie contest. Manguno has won every contest that he has engaged in since joining the professional ranks. He is managed by Sidney K. O. Brown, New Orleans former bantamweight contender, and should go far under Sid's guidance.

"Tut" Seymour will swing into action this month after a two-month's lay-off, due to an infected ear he received in his contest with Battling Budd, whom he decisively trounced in ten rounds. Seymour is a former sparring partner of Gene Tunney. Gene predicts big things for Seymour in the welterweight division.

"Irish" Jackie Doyle, New Orleans flyweight, who is at present boxing in New Jersey rings, has been offered a bout with some good flyweight to be named by Promoter Fremin in Biloxi for the latter part of this month. Doyle is the greatest drawing card that ever performed before a Biloxi audience.

According to press reports received from New Jersey, Doyle is the most popular flyweight to invade that section. Jack reminded the Jersey fans of "Irish" Johnny Curtain when the latter was at his best, that they placed "Irish" before his monicker anywhere he was billed to box. Johnny Collins, Doyle's manager, sends word that he may not be able to make a trip South before September, as he has Doyle booked until then. Hurry, Jackie! the fans of this state await your return.

Ray Schaeffer, Biloxi featherweight, was awarded the decision over Charlie Rodriquez last month. Rodriquez, in a previous encounter, was returned the winner, but Ray showed improvement over that performance and surprised the fans, also Rodriquez. They clash again this month in New Orleans over the fifteen-round route.

Earl Bascle, that classy New Orleans flyweight, who has taken the Gulf Coast fans by storm through his pleasing style of milling, is the best dressed fighter to ever appear before a local fight audience. Bascle believes in living in first-class. He has helped put the fighters on a par with other leading citizens. Earl is a likable chap and is the idol of all the fans along the Gulf Coast.

Bascle should go far in the pugilistic field, as he is intelligent, which counts for lots in the fight game; a good puncher and a possessor of plenty of speed. He has engaged in fifteen contests and has yet to lose a decision.

"Big Boy" Peterson, stablemate of Kid Carlin, will journey to New Orleans, where he meets Louis Hill in a ten-round bout. They clash for the third time, Peterson winning once and the other contest was a draw.

Pockie Lockie lost a close decision to Delos (Kid) Williams last month in a ten-round bout. Williams scored several knockdowns in the last few rounds, which earned him the decision. Pockie lost no prestige through defeat, as this Williams has engaged such fighters as Kid Carlin, Bobby Hughes, Jackie Doyle and others. Bascle and Williams! What a fight that would be.

Sammy Pizzitola, who met Ray Schaeffer in Biloxi some time ago, has taken up training quarters in Bay St. Louis for an active campaign in these parts this month. Pizzitola holds decisions over Charlie Rodriquez, Mike Russo, Ray Schaeffer and only recently knocked out Frankie De Mari, who just previously had given Johnny Buff and Kid Carlin tough fights. Sammy should be a big hit along the Gulf Coast this summer.

Gus Betz, New Orleans heavyweight, boxed "Big Boy" Peterson several months ago and lost the decision after one of the greatest exhibitions of gameness ever displayed before a local fight audience. Betz was knocked down several times, but refused to stay down. Gus is anxious for a return meeting and has taken up training quarters along with Pizzitola.

Dude Martinez, Kid Koster and Jack Russo are among the fighters sought here for future contests. Martinez was the greatest drawing card in New Orleans two years ago, but suffered a few setbacks and was soon forgotten until a few months ago, when he started bowling over one opponent after another. He now looms up as the next middleweight sensation of the South. Martinez will probably draw the largest "gate" of the year when a suitable opponent is secured to pit against him.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO AND VICINITY
By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

The boxing game is booming in Toledo with Ad Thacher and the Shea Bros. alternating in holding weekly shows at the Armory.

Ad Thacher staged a very interesting card with Rosey Stoy of Lancaster, Pa., and Al Dundee of Mansfield, Ohio, as the headliners. Stoy was awarded the verdict on a foul in the seventh round when Dundee accidentally landed a low blow. The boys were mixing it rather freely with honors about even up to the time the foul was committed.

Don Boyer and Let Philben, local welterweights, drew a capacity crowd for their ten-round slug-fest, which was staged by the Shea Bros. Boyer surprised the big crowd by handing Philben a severe drubbing throughout the ten rounds, flooring him seven times.

Arcie Ammon of Detroit shaded Al Walthers of Canton in the eight-round semi-final. The men are welters. Ammon, after taking a bad beating in the early rounds, came back strong and the final bell found Walthers practically out on his feet.

Tommy Ryan, junior lightweight, kayoed Al Zaney of Chicago in the third round of a scheduled six-round bout.

Carl Cavelli, 109-pounder from Canton, beat Young Earlor of Flint, Mich., in another six-round preliminary.

Jim Kelly, local heavyweight, stopped Mike Carrol of Canton in the second round and Larry Posen and Johnny Nichols, middleweights, fought a slashing four-round draw in the curtain-raiser.

Joe Packo, Toledo's slugging light heavy, is going great guns nowadays. He won two bouts within the past month. He won from Joey O'Haro by the knockout route in two rounds and won the newspaper decision from Soldier King after twelve rounds of furious milling.

Joe Lohman was matched to meet Paul Berlenbach at Cincinnati recently, but the bout was cancelled owing to Berlenbach injuring a hand in a New York bout.

IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By JULES D. BECK

Mr. J. S. Noyes, Wilmington, N. C., promoter, is in our midst. He expects to promote in Homestead, featuring the leading boys.

Sammy Borland, McKeesport feather, is preparing himself for a busy season. Sammy is a clever boy, if he works the straight and narrow. He will be heard from.

Cuddy Demarco has joined the ranks of the benedicts. He is happily married and makes his home in McKeesport.

Duquesne Elks had a big outdoor show, featuring Cuddy Demarco vs. Sig Keppen.

The untimely death of Pancho Villa marked the passing of the greatest little showman the ring ever possessed. He appeared on successive shows at Motor Square Garden, meeting Tony Norman and Mike Moran. In both his meetings here he treated the fans to some thrills by his whirlwind and sensational attack. Indeed, a sad happening.

Bobby Young, Duquesne feather, and Frankie Porto, McKeesport pride, have been matched four times, and each time something turned up to mar their meeting. They were to have fought at Charleroi on July 25, but again Mr. Hard Luck had to intercede. When they do meet Mr. Fan will be treated to a fistic treat.

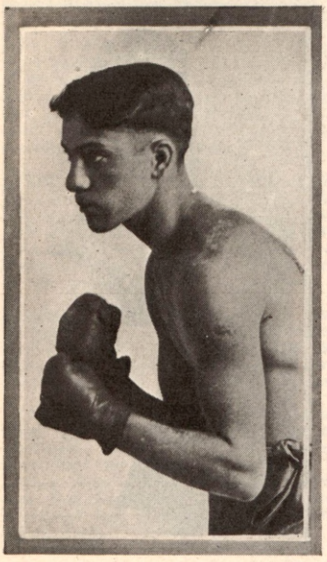
Bobby Stone, Wilmerding flyweight, is sojourning in Detroit, where he expects to be boxing shortly.

Western Pennsylvania towns are not enjoying the season they anticipated several months ago. There are only a few of the many clubs that planned quite an outdoor season that have really gone through their plans. Charleroi and Uniontown seem to be about the only ones so far to have taken the dip. Of the two, Charleroi has been the most successful. The native son, Willie Davies, the sensational flyweight, has been in action here several times.

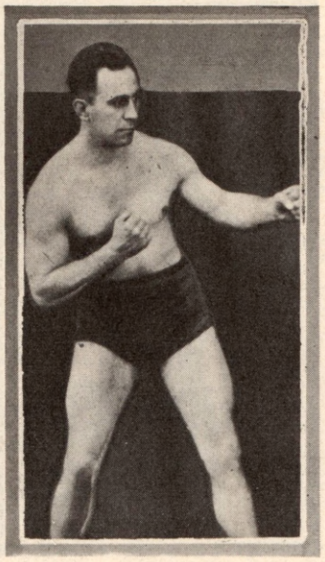
Chalk up another victory for our state flyweight champion, Willie Davies from Charleroi. He clearly beat and outfought the game little battler, Aec Burey from Toronto, Canada, at Charleroi on July 11.

GIVE US YOUR OPINION

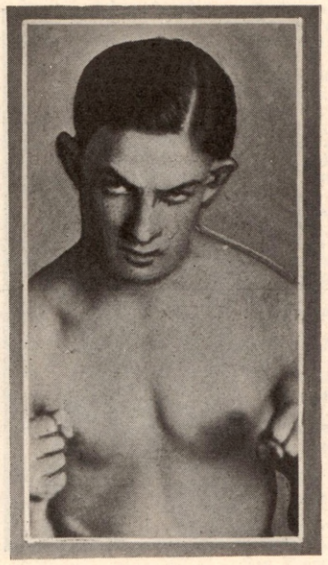
THE RING is YOUR magazine. It is published for the betterment of boxing, the greatest of all sports. If you have any suggestions as to how this book can be improved, write to us. We welcome suggestions as well as criticisms.



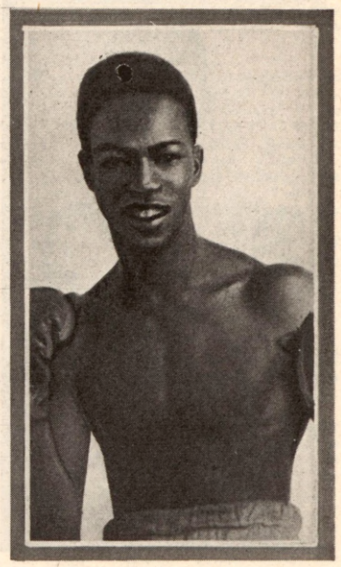
Tony Picciano, Bronx featherweight managed by Tommy Furey



Johnny Gill of York, Pa., a middleweight with a good record.



Delos Kid Williams, Southern flyweight championship claimant



Ray Castillo, another Cuban lightweight arrival in U. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC COAST NOTES

Before an attendance of 2,000 fight fans, Jack Reddick, Canadian lightheavyweight champion, added another K. O. to his already long list, on July 3, in the main event on the International Celebration week boxing card at the Vancouver Arena. He knocked out the much-touted Rocco Stragmallia, "The Fighting Wop," in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round bout. Rocco took a count of nine early in the fourth round from a right to the jaw, and went down for the count on a vicious left hook to the mid-section that broke a rib.

Bob Sage, 'The Fighting Lawyer," from Detroit, who got a very doubtful decision over Reddick on June 19, asked the equivalent of Germany's war debt to the Allies for a return match. When the promoters could not "see" him, he left for California. Did he see the handwriting on the wall?

There were several good bouts on the Reddick card, chief amongst which was the match between Battling Al Gallagher of Vancouver and Young Garr of Everett, who went four slashing rounds to a draw. These two feathers can be counted on to give a good exhibition whenever they meet.

Young Gordon Wallace, a promising flyweight, beat a youngster from across the line in four rounds.

Hector McDonald and Bud Davies, bantams, fought four fast rounds to a draw. Davies is improving with every start.

Larry Holiday got the call over Louie Johnson in four rounds. Holiday left-handed Johnson to death. They are lightweights.

Mike O'Connor and Johnny Wilson, welters, stumbled and wrestled through five rounds until the referee stopped the fiasco and called it no bout.

Jack Reddick and Vic Foley, bantam champion of Canada, have established an open air training camp in Capilano Canyon and are doing their stuff in earnest.

Great credit should be given Jack Allen, Vancouver's premier matchmaker. He has put on some splendid cards and should be given better support by the fight fans of Vancouver.

Vic Foley, who was to have met Pancho Villa, late flyweight champion, feels the death of this great little fighter and gentleman very keenly, as does the whole sporting fraternity of Vancouver.

A match between Foley and McLarnin is in the air.

George Eagel, who recently returned from a trip around the world, is now at Oakland, Calif., from where he expects very shortly to embark for the Orient. Eagel has found it so difficult to obtain fights in America that he has decided on another Globe tour. He expects to visit Australia, England and France and then return to America.

LOUISVILLE NEWS

By ROSIN RAY.

Jack Rosen, Buffalo, N. Y., bantam made a favorable impression in his first start here against Jackie Dugan.

Soldier Buck, local middleweight, has been on the side lines since his meeting with Harry Greb. He should get going soon.

Jimmy Finley, local welterweight, knocked out Red Hill in the 13th round of a great fight at New Orleans on June 29.

Jackie Dugan shaded Joe Paglena in a great 12-round bout at the Broadway Bowl on July 6. The boys boxed before a capacity crowd.

Eddie Heverin, popular local promoter, is putting on some high-class shows at the Broadway Bowl. He expects this to be his banner season.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By AUSTEN SHAY

Rosey Stoy, Lancaster's sensational bantamweight, was held to a draw by Andy Martin of Boston, after eight rounds of battling at the Arcade A. C., Lancaster, on July 6. Martin was an elusive target that Stoy found great difficulty in finding. Harry (Kid) Ross, of Lancaster, received the Judges' decision over Willie Patterson of Philadelphia after eight rounds of hard fighting in the semi-final. Steve Nitchie, of Lancaster, and Jimmy Ireland, of Philadelphia, fought to a draw in another 8-round bout.

Indian Russell of Harrisburg, dropped the decision to Earl Sande of Philadelphia, in an 8-round fight at Atlantic City, on July 6. They are flyweights.

In the wind-up of the show staged by John Roseman, well known boxing promoter of Lebanon, Pa., for the benefit of the City Police Pension Fund, Tim Droney, popular lightweight of Lancaster, stopped Jimmy McDonough of Philadelphia in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-round fight. Droney pummelled McDonough all around the ring, floored him five times, before Jimmy took the long count. In the semi-final Carl Young of Lebanon won from Johnny Wolgast of Lancaster in the third round Dick Curtin of Lebanon, won from Jackie Jacomis of Lancaster in six rounds. Jimmy Bugler won from Art Brandt in the third round when the referee stopped the fight to save Brandt.

Len Brenner, Lancaster bantam, lost an 8-round decision to Jimmy Mendo of Philadelphia, in the former's home town on June 29. Brenner received a badly cut eye which will keep him on the side lines a few weeks. Battling Willard of Lancaster, stopped Mike Credell of Philadelphia, in the second round of the semi-final.

Allentown Dundee received the referee's decision over Tim Droney of Lancaster, after eight slow and uninteresting rounds in the wind-up of a show at Lebanon on July 20. Henner Cobb, Lancaster middleweight, stopped Carl Young of Lebanon, in the first round by landing a terrific left hook to the stomach.

In one of the best fights of the evening, Steve Nitchie of Lancaster, and Jimmy Ireland of Philadelphia, fought to a draw in six hard rounds. Ireland was dropped for the count of nine in the second round. but came back strong. In another six-rounder, Willie Siple. of Lancaster, won from Willie Griffith of Wilmington, on a foul in the fourth round.

Rosey Stoy, of Lancaster,, won from Al Dundee of Cleveland, on a foul in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-round fight at Toledo, Ohio, last month.

Jimmy Bugler, lightweight fighter of Lebanon, is showing good form. He stopped his last two opponents.

Dick Marine, of Lancaster, is looking for trouble among the welterweight scrappers. Dick has a kick in either hand and sure looks like a comer.

"Turk" Hartman, well known sportsman of Lebanon, returned home from a visit to the race tracks and occupied a ringside seat at the Droney-Dundee fight.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Larry Avera, Southern junior welter champion, has started training for future bouts. Avera had the misfortune of fracturing his jaw in the first round of a scheduled 10-round bout with Ken Burris, in which he won the referee's decision.

Lew Silver, despite the fact that he is unable to get in proper condition for fights due to trouble that the little Dental Student is having with his eyes, managed to travel to Tampa, Fla., where he engaged Boots Antley in a 10-round bout July 4. Silver won practically every one of the ten rounds. He carried off the unanimous decision of the judges and referee. Silver handed Antley a pasting, only the fact that Silver was not trained properly enabled Antley to stay the limit.

Silver, immediately after the fight, was compelled to undergo a minor operation on his nose that has bothered the hard-hitting youngster considerably. Incidentally the house in Tampa was a record gathering.

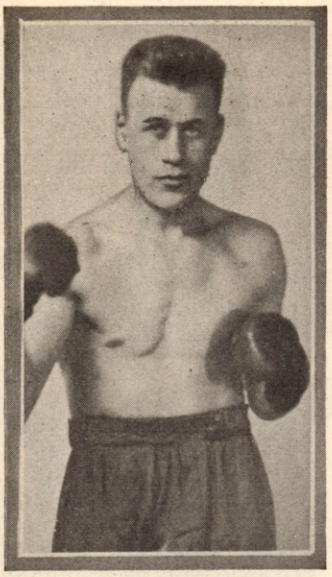
Lukie Tenner and Andy Bowen engaged in a 10-round bout in Savannah, Ga. Tenner carrying off the verdict by a narrow margin. In justice to Bowen, however, he would have perhaps reversed the verdict, as a cut over his eye in the early part of the fight worried him considerably, Tenner taking most of the rounds due to this disadvantage.

Tampa promoters are negotiating with Max Abelson, manager of Lew Silver, for a date Labor Day. The opponent they are after for Silver is Aramis Del Pino, Cuban lightweight. These boys put up a slashing ten-rounder in their last meeting. Silver's weight was 130 pounds in his last go.

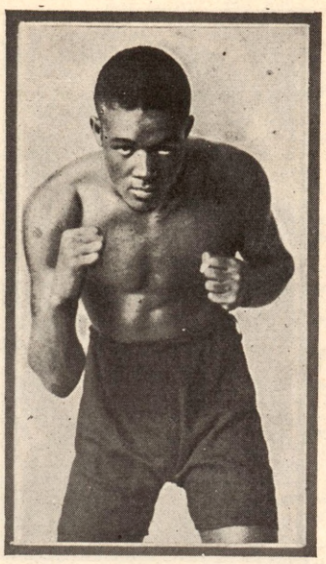
Ed Alexander, manager of Pinkie May, holder of the belt for the bantam championship of the south, is keeping May busy. Pinkie showed great promise in the past several battles. The youngster is sure to be heard from in the big league.

Boots Antley defeated Joe Cook of New Orleans, in ten rounds in a bout held in Miami, Fla., recently.

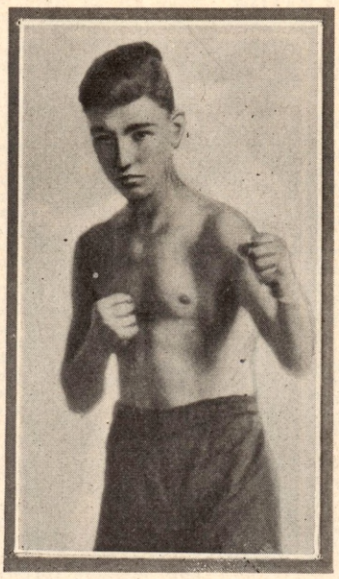
Rubin Levin, who is one of the best posted men in these parts when doping out fights, recently journeyed to New York from Tampa, Fla., to witness the bouts staged for the benefit of the Italian Hospital. Rube nearly dropped dead when Shade scored an easy victory over Slattery. Evidently Rubin must have had a piece of money on the Buffalo youngster.



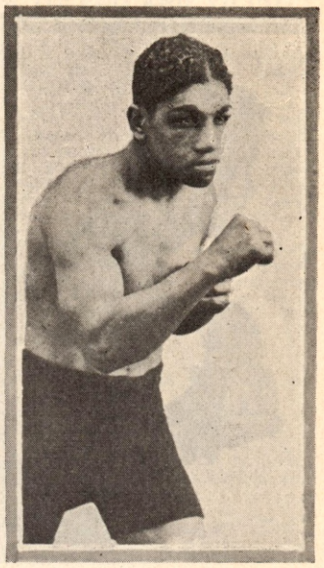
Jack "Speedy" Sparks, Cincinnati middlweight, now on the Coast



Bobby Risden, Harlem featherweight, back from Panama.



Allen Miller, recent amateur champion, who has joined the professionals.



Wilbur Cohen, crack New York colored flyweight.

LOS ANGELES NOTES

By BENNY SONORA

Vernon Arena staged a double main event on August 18. Young Stribling of Georgia, and Jimmy Delaney of St. Paul, shared the limelight in one bout and in the other half "Red" Herring, Jr., welterweight, and Mushy Callahan, Los Angeles newsboy sensation, met.

Dick Donald will hold a championship fight at his Ascot Park Arena, August 22, featuring Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion, and Fidel La Barba of Los Angeles. The bout is being advertised for the flyweight championship of the world and is being sanctioned by the California Boxing Commission and will, no doubt, be approved by the New York Commission. A very interesting incident is the fact that Harry Blake trained Genaro for the 1920 Olympic games and also trained La Barba for the 1924 Olympic and both returned amateur champions of the world.

With the opening of the Olympic auditorium on August 5, which was postponed from July 29, Los Angeles now has the largest fighting arena in the United States. Jack Root has been in touch with some of the best fighters in the country and has already signed contracts for the service of many of them for bouts here. Some of the bouts arranged are: Phil Salvadore and Julius Jessick, Newsboy Brown and Frankie Grandetta, Sammy Shack and Young Nationalista, Harry Wallach and Dandy Dillon, Joe Layman and Charlie Feraci. Sammy Shack and Harry Wallach are members of the Frank Churchill stable of New York. All of the boys are main eventers and each bout is scheduled for six rounds.

Georgie Rivers, sensational bantamweight, has signed a contract for three fights to be staged at the American Legion Hollywood Arena during the next nine weeks. In addition, he will meet Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion at the same arena on Aug. 21.

When Fidel La Barba, Pacific Coast flyweight enters the ring against Frankie Genaro at Ascot Park, Aug. 22, he will have a fiancee cheering him to victory. The fighter's engagement to Miss Laverne A. Stark, a former classmate, was announced recently.

August Gotto, the American amateur bantamweight champion, has resigned his title. He has turned professional. Appropriately enough, Gotto will make his first start in a money bout on the same card with his old teammate, Fidel La Barba. Gotto will be seen in one of the preliminaries on the Genaro-La Barba title match at Ascot Park on August 22.

"Caruso" Dan Salt, feather of the boxing game in Seattle, has announced his last fight.

He died of peritonitis recently at Providence Hospital after an illness of less than a week.

The veteran promoter made a game fight for life—a struggle which was watched with more interest than the greatest classic that he had ever staged in the squared circle.

Several weeks ago Salt was ill, following a trip East, but his condition was not deemed serious and he was soon back on his feet. The symptoms returned, and he took to his bed, never again to arise.

Salt had lived in Seattle since 1909, and he and his partner, Lonnie Austin, had the reputation of managing practically every boxer of real promise developed in the Northwest.

OKLAHOMA NOTES

By W. H. TROTTER

On July 4, Paul Parish, Chickasha middleweight, celebrated his first anniversary in the ring with a knockout over Leonard Fox, ex-welter champ of Oklahoma at Tonkawa when Kid Ferns, referee, stopped the bout in the third round to save Fox further punishment. Both Fox and the fans were dissatisfied, so Parish came back and dealt out seven more rounds of the same. Parish is developing rapidly. He recently won over Russell Beckwith in ten rounds, but couldn't land a k. o. His next fight is with Sid Young at the Hatbox Flying Field Arena at Muskogee.

Two other boxers who are active in California are Roy Riley, bantam, and Enal Paul, middleweight. Paul is boxing in and around Los Angeles and Riley at Frisco. Riley recently boxed a ten-round draw with Young Nationalista at Frisco.

July 11 Bobby Vincent, Oklahoma A. & M. College lightweight boxer, easily won over the highly touted Frankie McFarland, ex-Army boxer of Boston, in ten rounds. McFarland was down for nine counts several times without being hit solidly.

Mickey Gonoy and Loren Fruit fought a draw in the semi-windup. A few nights later Vincent fought Buddy Chambers of Wichita, Kan., ten rounds in Enid, Okla. Vincent had a little the best of the argument, though the decision was a draw.

The Hatbox Flying Field is having some very good shows, usually about one or two a month. In the last Wildcat Monte won over Bobby Jones, both lightweights of Texas. Kid Granite and Jack Swan meet there soon in the semi-windup to the Parish-Young bout, th ewinner to get a crack at State lightweight champ Bobby Vincent.

The Arch Cooper-Warnie Smith battle is now history. They met at Oklahoma City, July 24, for a scheduled ten-round bout and were going along evenly when in the fourth Smith hit Cooper in the break, cutting his nose and eye. The blood in his nose and mouth seemed to cut off his wind and take the snap and steam out of his punches. In the last of the ninth round he was bleeding so much that Referee Chick Higden stopped the fight, though Cooper wanted to stay and finish it. Arch had no alibi for his loss and says that all he wants is another chance.

Kid Granite won over Loren Fruit in the semi-windup and Jack Jones won over Jimmy Avens in a six-round special event. These four boys are lightweights.

An eleven-minute long-distance telephone conversation Lou Cutler had with Harry Greb just before the Cooper-Smith bout failed to get his agreement to meet the winner as he didn't want to make the weight, but he agreed to come to Oklahoma City to box any heavy or light-heavy so that the Oklahoma City fans are pretty sure to see Greb in action soon, probably against Billy Britton.

Have you any old time fight scene photos you want to sell? Let me buy them from you.
Address R. J. THOMPSON, The Ring 16th St. and Seventh Ave., N. Y. City

IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE

By ROCKY CONTI

Promoter Sam Wiednick and Matchmaker Jake Carey are having hard luck these days. Jake matched Gene Tunney and Romero Rojas to start off the outdoor boxing club and had to call off the show due to the illness of Gene Tunney. An advance sale of $7,000 had been made when the show was called off until the latter part of August.

Phil Verdi and Mike Conroy, local featherweight and heavyweight champions, have left for the Pacific Coast, where they will stay for a few months. Verdi and Conroy have met practically every leading boxer in their divisions, Conroy being the only American heavyweight to make Battling Siki quit. Verdi recently defeated Spark Plug Russell and Eddie Weygent and fought a tough battle with Danny Kramer.

Joe Trippie, the so-called Wildcat and Rochester's latest lightweight sensation, is a boy who has a good future ahead of him. In a year from now he will be boxing the best in his division. Trippie is well liked in Rochester and always has the local fans rooting for him.

Osk Till, who has met such stars as Dave Shade, Augie Ratner, Young Fisher, Mickey Forkins and others, has started training after a month's rest and will be ready to meet all the leading middleweights.

K. O. Victor, formerly of Cincinnati, who recently stopped Marcel Dennis in one round and has met such boys as Sid Barberian, Joe Reno, Eddy Dyer, is a newcomer to the local fans and will be looked after by Rocky Conti, local boxing manager.

IN AND NEAR DETROIT

By JIM SULLIVAN

Things are still dead in Detroit in the fight game. The last fight held here was that between Stribling and Gorman, which was somewhat of a disappointment. Everybody thought that Gorman was a set-up for Stribling, but he proved he was not, and although he did not get the decision, he made it close.

Jimmy Brady was a very unlucky man to lose to Micky O'Dowd of Muncie, Ind., in the third round of a bout at Windsor. It was a wonderful fight while it lasted. Both boys were evenly matched.

In the third Brady sent a left hook to the stomach. O'Dowd jumped and turned the blow into a low punch.

The semi-final was a pip of a fight. Al Myers, bantam champ of Michigan, made Johnny Posky, Canadian featherweight, look like a novice in spite of the weight advantage. Myers mixed it with the sturdy Canuck and beat him at every part of the game. Posky did not land a clean blow throughout the entire bout.

Myer is just a kid and looks the part of a real champ. He boxes on the order of Johnny Kilbane, and a big future is predicted for the northern High School Flash.

It looks like Windsor will be a very good fight town. On August 25 the new arena, with a seating capacity of 20,000, will be opened. Dave Knight will be the matchmaker.

COAST GOSSIP

By JOE WATERMAN

Dan Salt is dead! Boxers and managers who have done business with "Caruso Dan" during his 12 years of promoting boxing shows in Seattle, will learn with regret of the passing away of the genial matchmaker and announcer. Salt was born in New York City 49 years ago, but had made his home in the Pacific Northwest during the past 25 years.

"Doc" Snell took part in three battles during July. The Tacoma Hurricane beat Ernie Goozeman at Seattle in 6 rounds, took a 12-round decision over Billy DeFoe at Great Falls, Montana, and boxed a 12-round draw with Tommy Ryan at Butte, Mont. Snell had Ryan on the canvas for the count of eight in the second round.

"Mushy" Callahan added another scalp to his string by winning a 10-round verdict over Johnny O'Donnell at the Vernon, Calif., Arena. The sensational Yiddisher has replaced Joe Benjamin and Ace Hudkins as the fistic idol of Los Angeles fans.

The writer in the past has called attention to the work of Leo Lomski, the young middleweight of Aberdeen, Wash. Lomski is making good these predictions by beating all comers. He defeated Mickey Rockson in 15 rounds and won in a romp over Bob Sage in a 6-round tilt at Seattle. Now Northwest fans are talking of matching Lomski with Harry Greb.

Jimmy Gault, matchmaker for The Legion at Great Falls, Montana, has a tough job. Poor houses are the rule there and the fans very hard to satisfy, although Gault has brought some of the best boxing talent to Great Falls.

Who said Floyd Johnson is through? The handlers of Chub Crawford, a coming young Portland, Oregon, heavyweight, picked on Floyd as a setup for their boy and got the shock of their lives when the big blond turned loose a left hook to Crawford's tummy that knocked him out for a half an hour.

Within six weeks, five well known men of the boxing game died on the Pacific coast. They were: Sol Levinson, "Jockey" Levy, Joe "Petie" Coffey, Dan Salt and Pancho Villa.

Coffey will always be remembered by San Francisco fans for his great battle with Bud Ridley during the good old 4-round days of 1920. Levy was the smallest manager of boxers in the world, weighing but 97 pounds.

Harry Wallach, the New York featherweight of Churchill stable, made a big hit with Californians by the manner in which he beat Patsy Flanigan in a prelim. to the Villa-McLarnin fight.

Butte expects to draw the biggest house in its boxing history when its boxing idol, Dixie LaHood, tangles with "Doc" Snell in the Montana city on September 15.

Frank Churchill, manager of the late Pancho Villa, will not concede the flyweight title to Frankie Genaro or any other boy. Churchill is bringing over Sencio, the great little Filipino who gave Villa such a stubborn 15-round battle at Manila a few months ago, to contest for the flyweight crown with all claimants, including Genaro.

IN SAN BERNARDINO AND VICINITY

By OTTO PETERS

Two dancing heavyweights mixed their efforts with flashy boxing during the 10-round main event at the American Legion Club June 18, Frank Merrick getting the decision over Jack McGreer of Los Angeles.

Ralph Lincoln of Los Angeles outpointed Ad Rubidoux in a 10-round main event at the American Legion Club on June 25. Billy Knight was given a six round decision over Ralph Downs of Los Angeles.

Johnny Adams was knocked out by Jimmy Hackley of San Francisco in the seventh round in the main event at the American Legion Club July 2.

Bobby Bridges of Indianapolis proved that a good boxer holds the edge all the time over a plain slugger when he easily outpointed Joe Layman of Los Angeles in the American Legions' 10-round main event here—July 9. In the 6-round special event Young Larry Shaded Tony Turnett in a good slugging match.

Joe Stecher, world's heavyweight wrestling champion, was introduced from the ring. Joe is visiting Tom Jones here.

Vic Alexander still rules as king of Central Avenue, Los Angeles. The big colored heavyweight dealt a licking to Neal Clisby, Riversides' colored heavy in the 10-round main go at American Legion A. C. July 16th. Gil Davis found there is much he has to learn about boxing when he met Jimmy Laventhal in the 6-round semi. Gil fought a game uphill fight but never did he look like a winner.

Prior to the main event; the lights were dimmed and while the crowd stood with heads bare, the count of ten was tolled in respect to Pancho Villa, the great little flyweight champion who died in San Francisco.

One of the gamest boys in these parts is the colored featherweight, Terry Martin of Bangor. Both K. O. Stephens, 17-year-old Dexter lad, and Paul Murphy of Biddeford, handed him severe beatings, but Terry was there at the finish and drew big ovations.

Boxing is going big in the small towns here. Bouts are being held at Libby's Rink at Fort Fairfield, Henry Clukey promotes at Dexter, Irvine Woods holds forth at Milo and Brownville Jct., and Wm. A. Lochart is the Tex Rickard of Newport, putting on some good shows at the famous Bar L Ranch.

Maine boxing enthusiasts are urged to subscribe to The Ring. It is the greatest boxing magazine in the world.

Jimmy McLarnin, sensational bantam, who surprised the boxing world by winning a decision over Pancho Villa on July 4, will not fight again before fall.

Clyde Hudkins, brother of Ace, the erstwhile "Wildcat," and Ace are back home. Ace is eager to get a return match with Tommy O'Brien.

Ned Golden, who forsook the amateur ranks with the title of Southern California bantam champion, knocked out Jimmy Black of Riverside, in the 5th round of a 10-round bout at Pasadena Armory, July 9.

There are few top-notch flyweights. Genaro and Fidel La Barba outrank them all. There is some question of Genaro's ability to scale down to the 112 limit, yet he has done it before and can do it again. La Barba, George Blake says, has no trouble getting down to weight. These boys meet here this month. Genaro and Villa met three times. Villa dropped two decisions and one was a no-decision fight in which a majority of writers favored Genaro.

La Barba remains unbeaten by a flyweight. In his few professional bouts La Barba has had since returning from Paris as the flyweight amateur champion, the Los Angeles Athletic Club star has always given away weight.

Damon Runyon devotes a whole column to telling all about Jack Kearns' new light-heavyweight phenom, one Ernie Owens by name, hailing from Los Angeles way. Too bad Damon wasn't on the spot when Frankie Denny made him look like a sap at a San Francisco ball park show. Maybe he wouldn't be so fulsome in his praises.

Toby Irwin has a new pair of nether garments. "These don't show the blood so much," quoth Toby. Toby's once-white trousers got into a Los Angeles laundry and were never the same.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantamweight, of Burt Finch's stable, is in San Francisco. He fought a draw with Doc Snell at Butte before reaching Frisco. Ryan also met Young Nationalista in Los Angeles, but dropped what Finch says was a raw decision.

That Fulton affair should have taught Tony Fuente a lesson. But again he was a party to a frame-up and was jailed in Arizona for a pre-arranged bout. California should take steps to bar Fuente from further appearance in this State. Boxers who are parties to "frames" hurt the game.

It would be a good thing for the fight game in San Francisco if some of our referees had the spunk to throw a lot of near-fighters out of the ring.

A lot of charities would be willing to accept some of the purses that are far from being earned by some of our "cauliflower industry" exponents. Let's apply the pruning knife.

Hot weather did not dampen the enthusiasm of California boxing fans during the month of June, according to the State Athletic Commission, whose secretary, Walter Yarwood, has produced a report showing a total attendance at all boxing shows for the month amounting to 139,871 persons. Gross receipts amounted to $231,398.06 for the month. The state tax amounted to $13,245.51.

American Legion shows which are not taxable by the state, showed gross receipts of $37,889.

Records of the commission today showed a total of 1,421 fighters have secured licenses in the state since the initiative creating the commission became effective.

Licenses have been issued to 52 clubs.

Benny Alger, brother of Billy, has invaded California. He comes from Arizona with a record of 17 wins in 18 fights. He is also under "Pop" Wilson's management.

Burt Finch, manager of Frankie Schoell, will not leave here empty-handed in so far as California talent is concerned when he goes East. Finch has his lines out for a couple of boys who he thinks can make big money in the Eastern fight centers.

"Speedy" Sparks has returned from Oklahoma. He brought with him his wife and baby and will make San Francisco his home. "Speedy" drove across the Mojave desert in his auto.

MORE ABOUT OHIO BOUTS

By JOHN GANZERT

Boxing in these parts was quite prosperous during July, especially in Toledo where the low price system seems to have won the support of the fans.

The outstanding encounter of the month was the Don Boyer-Let Philbin fracas. Philbin is the socking sophomore of Michigan who has been fighting his way through school and through his longer experience entered the ring a slight favorite over Boyer, who has just come to the front.

Boyer kept up a terrific attack for ten rounds. Philbin kissed the canvas 13 times, and though practically out on his feet he stayed the distance.

Boyer's defeat of Philbin stamps him as a prospect for championship laurels with more experience, as he is one of the hardest hitters in boxing today.

The promoters of the scrap presented a superb card which resulted in a draw between Al Walthers of Canton and Archie Amnon of Detroit in the semi-finals; K. O.'s for Jim Kelly over Mike Carroll and Tommy Ryan over Al Zaney of Chicago in three rounds, and wins for Carl Cavelli of Canton over Earlier of Flint and Johnnie Nichols of Fremont over Kid Passen of Toledo.

Ad Thatcher presented a card which resulted in Stoy winning over Al Dundee of Mansfield in seven rounds by a foul which was purely accidental. Stoy was leading by a shade up to the time of the accident, but it was getting hot and would have ended in a sensational manner. In the semi-final K. O. McMullen of Cleveland won over Tony Melton of Toledo in eight rounds, while Bobby Renderly of Toledo and Sammy Marisco of Elyria fought a whirlwind draw.

The Shea brothers featured Joe Packo on two cards. On the second he made quick work of Joe O'Hara, who lasted two rounds under Packo's terrific slugging, but he was as game as they make 'em. Referee Ollie Pecord stopped the affair in the second.

Packo did not have such easy sailing in his first bout. He fought Goldie King and had his hands full. King gave punch for punch and got a draw.

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MONTREAL NOTES

By MAXIE LEWIS

The Metropolitan Sporting Club, of which Armand Vincent is the matchmaker, has turned out to be a "white elephant." Shortly after the club was inaugurated Vincent, although not being in possession of a matchmaker's license, signed Harry Greb to box an opponent to be selected. After dickering with the managers of such men as Ad Stone, Bartley Madden, Mike Burke, Kid Norfolk, etc., the match was suddenly declared off.

Some time later Vincent made a trip to New York City and made arrangements whereby he would feature Edouard Mascart, featherweight champion of Europe, to meet a formidable opponent. Vincent signed Tommy Noble of England to box the Frenchman. As stated in these columns last month, as a result the club blew approximately twenty-five hundred dollars on its initial pugilistic venture. Noble had hit the skids years ago and to stack him up against a man who was shortly to have met Kid Kaplan for the world's title was suicide for a club just "breaking in," especially so after Noble had twice met defeat at the hands of Leo Kid Roy.

Letting nothing daunt him, Vincent again set out to conquer the world. Making another trip to New York, he signed Rene De Vos to box George Gibbons, local 152-pounder. After several excuses, Vincent declared the show off with the "prize alibi" of not being able to obtain accommodations for staging a show. Montreal has been having boxing shows for many years and scores of promoters have found places to stage fights and now comes Mr. Armand Vincent and says that nowhere in Montreal or vicinity can he find a place to promote. Such management will not do the game any good here.

Sammy Pierce, "the Pride of St. Cunegonde Ward," has hit his old stride again. Sammy won his last four fights by knockouts. In his last two fights at Burlington, Vt., Pierce knocked out his opponent twice in eight days. After a couple of hard fights he will be ready to tackle "Kid" Roy. As a matter of fact, Alex Moore, local promoter, has already promised Pierce the shot.

Rumor has it that Frankie Fleming, without a doubt the greatest piece of fighting machinery Canada has ever turned out, is to get back into the game, but not to don the mittens, for Frank now weighs about 160 pounds. Frankie was the Canadian featherweight champion and at one time knocked out Benny Leonard in nine rounds. Of course, that was early in Benny's career. Fleming will prove just as popular as a promoter as he did as a boxer.

Ralph McNaughton, the classy Quebec City featherweight who has been going so well of late, is aiming for a match at "Kid" Roy. Recently McNaughton boxed 'Chick" Suggs at New Bedford and had Suggs on the floor for eight. Many of the fans were of the opinion that Suggs was given the benefit of a slow count. In Mac's last fight he easily beat Howard Mayberry, former bantam champion of Canada. Mayberry was floored four times, twice for nine counts. McNaughton is shortly to meet Bobby Eber or Jackie Johnston at Toronto.

Jack Rogers and Louis Murphy, local fight managers, are quite a busy pair these days. They are now promoting shows in Vermont State and by the fronts they are now sporting, business is evidently good.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

One of the biggest pugilistic surprises of the year was the successful and remarkable comeback of Bobby Eber, former kingpin of the Canadian banties, the feature of the Hamilton Club's last show, Eber won the judge's decision after a slashing and slugging setto with Mayberry.

It will be remembered that Howard won the bejewelled headpiece from Eber last season. Mayberry in turn took a trip to the coast and lost the crown to Viv Foley, who knocked out Mayberry in three rounds. Eber's latest victory entitles him to a bout for the championship with Foley, and if Eber can duplicate his form of the Mayberry fight, Bobby will enter the ring a pronounced favorite. It is to be hoped that Bob will adhere strictly to his training in the future. If he does he has more than a chance at copping the world's title.

George Fifield, new Canadian welterweight champion, gave Johnny McIntyre a tidy lacing in their bout at St. John, Fifield is a big favorite in the eastern provinces. The last dispatches from that territory say that he will make his home in Montreal. Always an aggressive, tough, tearing-in fighter, Fifield rarely fails to satisfy the fans. There is no doubt that if the east adopts him, he will command a big following in future battles.

Walter Obenessor has sent his hard-battling bantam, Howard Mayberry, back to Duluth for a couple of months. Oby thought, after the Eber quarrel, that Mayberry appeared stale, and opines a rest of a few weeks will do the ex-champion a world of good.

We are in receipt of a letter from a very enthusiastic fight manager in Sammy Kearns, who is domiciled in Calgary. Mr. Kearns wants to settle the welterweight supremacy, by sending his protege, Tommy Rogers, against George Fifield. Rogers has a good western record, and according to Mr. Kearns, Rogers is welterweight champion of western Canada, and undefeated at his weight. We have advised the westerner's manager that in the event of Calgary, or any other of the western cities, being unable to stage the contest, to send Rogers east, and maybe promoters at this end will arrange a sockfest betwen two good boys.

Charlie Hallat, Toronto promoter, will probably feature Bobby Eber in a boxing show to be held at Kitchener. Donnie Mack was the original choice, but the latter will not be available for some time. If Hallet can feature Eber this coming season, he should get some real money. This boy has been by far the best attraction here. Eber has scored victories over Irish Johnny Curtin, Carl Tremaine, Johnny Ertle, Kid Roy, Patsy Wallace, Midget Smith, Tommy Ryan and some of the best fighters on the continent. He should be a real attraction here this season.

Jack Peppin, well liked western boxing impresario, is grooming a likely looking heavyweight in Al Snider, an amateur champ. Snider, according to "Pep," has all the earmarks of a champ, and with the right kind of handling, will cause a flutter among the big fellows. Peppin won't shoot him in with the moneyed performers until the fall. Jack knows a fighter when he sees one, and we have every reason to believe, that he has a diamond in the rough.

Frankie Bull, custodian of the lightweight crown, will appear in Winnipeg against either Clonie Tait or Mel Coogan sometime this month. If Bull and Tait battle for the Dominion title, it's a certainty that the promoters will record a packed house. These two boys have a long standing grievance to settle, and the fistic followers know that keen rivalry exists, and a joust between these two favorites assures all a fistic feast.

For the last few months, Niagara Falls has been trying to get on the fistic map. A few weeks ago the promoters put on a good card that should have drawn a record house. The boxers worked on a percentage basis and received a lot of "snowballs" for their ends. Niagara may be a swell tourist city, but as a boxing centre it gets the well-known "pancakes" from the public, and the "horse laugh" from the boxers, any time engagements are offered there. Gene Fraser, manager of the Arena, and others, have done a lot for boxing. They have sacrificed a lot of their valuable time in efforts to get the game on a steady basis, but without the fans' support this cannot be done.

Jack Reddick, former middleweight champion of the Dominion, has signified that he can no longer make the middleweight poundage. It is likely that Harry Henning, former amateur, and International champion, will be nominated by the Federal commissions for the crown. Henning is the leading and logical contender, Winnipeg promoters have been boosting one Del Fontaine, but it is apparent that these claims will only cover Western Canada. Harry met this fellow some time ago and easily disposed of him by the slumber route in two rounds. However, it is possible that the boys will meet again in some western city for the right to the championship.

In one of the preliminaries at the last Niagara Falls show, and incidently, a bout well worth the price of admission, two red-thatched, ex-coppers, in the persons of "Red" Campbell and "Red" Meech, socked, slugged and slammed each other all over the arena. They walloped each other with every kind of punch until at the end of six rounds they leaned on each other, then staggered to their corners amid the roar of the crowd. A return bout will be worth while.

INDIANAPOLIS NOTES

By NOBLE KID CHISMAN

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis contender for the world's light heavyweight title, is now in training with his sparring partners, Bobbie Lee, ex-welterweight champion of the Pacific Fleet; Billy Myers and Jack Leslie, former negro heavyweight sensation, at his cottage in Liberty Beach for his coming bout with Joe Packo, Toledo flash, at Ft. Benjamin Harrison. Chuck is now under the management of Sam Markus.

Merle Alte, Indiana's featherweight champion, is a hard punching boxer. Before he entered the professional ranks one year ago Alte went to the amateur title bouts in Madison Square Garden in 1923 and eliminated every opponent up to the finals. Then he went an extra round with his opponent and floored him twice, but lost the judge's decision anyway. He is under the management of Nate Farb, Indianapolis fight promoter. Alte has been offered a match with Al Corbett of Cleveland, Ohio, by Lieut. Porter, Ft. Harrison matchmaker.

Ray Norman, motion picture actor, has just arrived from the Coast, where he finished playing the leads in 'A Dangerous Nite" and 'Her Wedding Ring," a fight picture. He is under the care of a physician for Kleig eyes, which he received in his latest picture.

Norman is an enthusiastic fight fan and attends all the boxing shows in town. He is also quite an athlete and is now training daily with Kid Chisman and Abe Kabakoff at the Arcade Gym, to learn the fine points of the boxing game, as his next role will be that of a boxer.

In a crackerjack of a fight staged at Ft. Harrison July 7, Norman Genett of Akron beat Patsy Rocco, Chicago middleweight, in the main go of ten rounds that was chuck full of action. In the semi-final Tony Ross, Pittsburgh lightweight, won a shade over Mickey O'Dowd, Muncie flash, in eight rounds.

Kewpie Trimble, a fast junior lightweight of Chicage, stopped Kid Rochelle, a local man, in the second round of an eight-round bout. It was a good scrap while it lasted.

Rustic Russell, Cincinnati feather, and Carl Schmadel, Brightwood blue streak, went six rounds to a draw.

Roy Wallace, Brightwood middleweight sensation, has had some bad luck. He broke his hand in training and had to cancel his bouts with Harry Greb and Billy Brooks at Cincinnati.

Bud Taylor, the Blonde Demon, and Terre Haute contender for the world's bantamweight championship, decisively defeated Bobby Wolgast of Philadelphia, Pa., in ten slashing rounds at Terre Haute, Indiana, July 4. There will be a new chamuion if Rosenberg ever steps in the ring with Bud Taylor. In one of the double semi-windups, Marion Kepner, 156 pounds, of Indianapolis, and Shorty Martone of Champaign, Ill., went ten fast rounds to a draw. In the other semi, Billy Meyers, light heavyweight star from Indianapolis, had to forfeit his bout to Dick Smith of Danville, Ill., in the fifth round because of a broken rib.

Geo. K. O. Brown, former Greek heavyweight sensation, looks like a shadow of his former self. He helped train Dempsey for the Carpentier fracas and Jack put the rabbit punch on him which helped ruin his health. Brown has had two operations and now only weighs 156 lbs. In his day he was one of the toughest men who ever stepped in the ring, and one of the few men to give Jack Dillon a good battle. He is now working at the City Hospital in Indianapolis.

It has been quite a few moons since Indiana fans have seen Chuck Wiggins in action and a record house is expected when he steps in the ring with Joe Packo August 4 at the fort. Chuck is one of the quickest big men in the game and is the only man Georges Carpentier refused to meet. He has a style known as the Kangaroo shift, which he learned in Australia a few years ago. Wiggins has boxed all the good men in his division.

PRETTY SOFT

By JOHN FRANCIS SANFORD

"PRETTY soft.—
A couple of grand,
To step in there
For an hour's stand.
Pretty soft,—
To hear them yell,
To hear the dames
Oh! Ain't he swell.
Pretty soft,
And nuthin but—
Like takin a bone
From a toothless mut.
Pretty soft——"

JUST a minute, there—
"Pretty soft."
Have you thought
Of the many times
And oft.
When he was only
A poor "prelim'"
Just a learner
Breaking in?
How he went home
And had to lie
About his busted tooth,
And blackened eye?

COUNTLESS wallops
He had to take.
Life wasn't always
Mushrooms and steak.
How about good times
That he shook?
The dusty road
Instead he took.
When he might
Have gone
To a party there
With plenty to drink,
And a lady fair—
Are you sorry now
You laughed at him,
As he toiled all day
In a stuffy gym?
And of a balmy
Summer's night,
While you learned
To dance,
He learned to fight?

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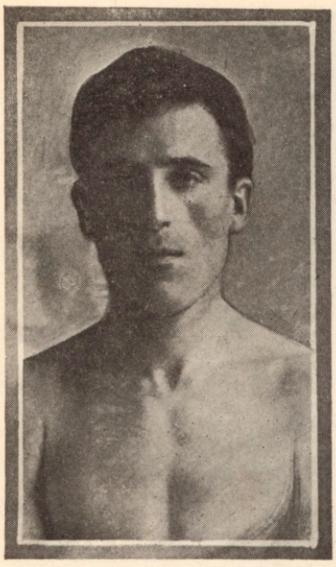
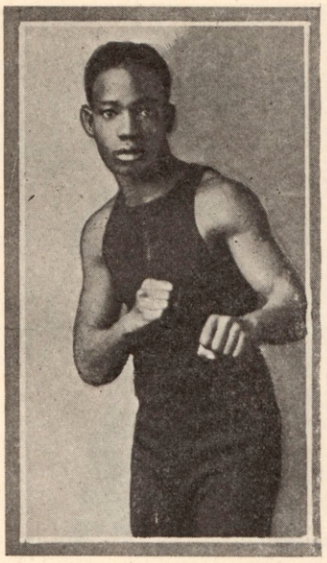
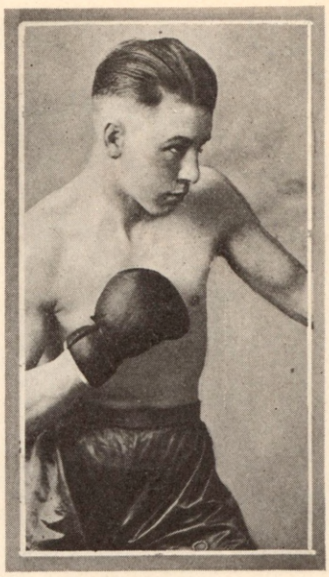


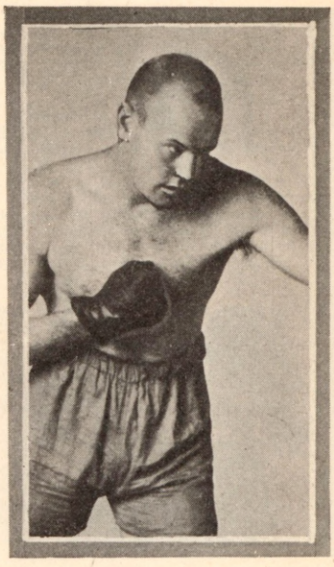
Billy Pritchard, the Fighting Postman of Stalybridge, England, a good welterweight



Joe Malone, sensational little featherweight from the Bronx, N. Y.



Paul Wangley, Minneapolis featherweight, known as the Kayo Kid



Clarence Sandy Seifert, Pittsburgh heavyweight who is fighting frequently

CLEVELAND BOXING CHATTER

By JERRY SACHS

The local boxing promoters are still packing the fans into their outdoor arenas by giving the fans high class entertainments. During the month of July Pete Sarmiento, called Pete the Repeater, showed his wares twice. He defeated Charley Phil Rosenberg, the bantam champion, and Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming Cowboy, in two spectacular bouts.

Tiger Flowers, the most accurate boxer, cancelled his engagement for August 11 here on account of having his tonsils removed.

Iron Man Joe Sheppe, lightweight from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, was another addition to the local fistic colony during the hot months. He boxed once, meeting Johnny Horvath, and dropped the decision in a fairly good slugging match. He became discouraged and packed up his bag without saying good-bye to his manager.

When Walter Taylor opened up his newly built arena he showed the ring bugs the best boxing bowl in the country. With a seating capacity of 20,000, Taylor expects to put on some real matches before the summer ends. Both the fans and press congratulated Taylor for giving Cleveland the finest place to see their favorite sport.

Joe Lewis, manager of Battering Benny Gershe, who gained 16 straight victories until defeated by Al Corbett, announced recently that Gershe will be ready to box in a couple of weeks now. Gershe just returned from New York, where Dr. Fralich operated on his left hand. Gershe has been on the side lines since he injured his mauler in his contest with Charley Goodman.

Returning to the game after a year's absence, Carl Miller is ready to resume his work against the featherweights in Ohio. Miller is a wonderful prospect and will go far in his division.

The contest between Carl Tremaine and Johnny Farr was declared a draw by Referee Johnny McGuire at the Taylor Bowl, July 28. The local sport writers seemed to differ on the result. Ray Campbell, writing for the Cleveland News, gave the decision to Farr and both the Cleveland Press and Plain-Dealer gave the match to Tremaine. The bout was a "natural" and was well attended. The boys will box later again.

Joey Sanger, the Milwaukee featherweight, who was taking a beating from Al Corbett in Milwaukee in June, until Corbett broke his hand, dropped into Cleveland with his brother manager, Lew, and visited friends. Joe had the misfortune of fracturing his ankle in a fall from the ring in his brawl with Rosey Stoy, the Lancaster blond, at Youngstown, Ohio.

Severing connections with Jimmy Dunn some time ago, Parson Tommy McGinty is now the right-hand man at the Olympic Club. Always a hustler, old gray-haired Tom is the right man in the right place.

Nobody to fight is Jack Dempsey's excuse for loafing; everybody ducking fights is Johnny Klesch's reason for loafing. Clubbing and pounding his way to success during the last five years, Klesch is now in position to meet Harry Greb in a title match. Johnny is one of the few boxers who can weigh 155 to 160 pounds in the middleweight division.

Bob Sanster, manager of Tommy Freeman, Southern welterweight champion, has finally landed his man for a bout here. Coming here about a year ago, Sanster has had Freeman ready to meet any one at 148 pounds. Freeman meets Dave Forbes, a former Cleveland amateur, now boxing under Tommy Walsh of Chicago, during the month of August at the Hinkel Arena.

Now that Jimmy Dunn, manager of Crashing Carl Tremaine, has consented to let his man box featherweights, probably he will agree to an Al Corbett-Carl Tremaine match. This meeting of Cleveland's foremost rivals would be a "natural" and would pack either Hinkel's arena or Taylor's Bowl. Corbett was formerly under Dunn, until about a year ago the writer purchased his contract for one thousand dollars.

Two of the younger crop of local lightweights who will bear watching are Otto Pletz and Jimmy Boylan. Both weigh 135 pounds and each has had one professional fight, and won easily. Both Boylan and Pletz were tremendous successes in the amateur game here which flourished here when the professional game was on the ban.

Charley O'Connell, local Irish harp, at last received a chance at one of the topnotchers when he met Sid Terris, recognized as the leading contender for Benny Leonard's vacant title. Although Charley lost the "duke" he fought a good battle.

The powers that be are making a very serious mistake in not allowing amateur boxing to flourish as in the days of yore. There is no new talent being developed at the present and new faces are constantly demanded by the fans who attend all the shows hereabouts. It is to be remembered that all of our topnotchers came from the ranks of the simon pures. It is hoped that when fall rolls around the three-round game will be on in full blast.

Paste this in your hat. Tommy Schultz, the youthful gym boy who mascots at Jerry Sach's Health Gymnasium, will some day be a great fighter. He already boxes a bit with the amateurs and professional boxers who train there and is becoming quite proficient in the art of self-defense.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Bufflo fans were treated to two distinct surprises during the month of July. One of them was the knockout of Jimmy Slattery by Dave Shade and the other was the crowning of Jimmy Goodrich as the New York State commission's selection for world's lightweight champion.

It is singular that both Goodrich and Slattery started their careers in the Newsboys' Gym here and both were from the Old First Ward.

The winning of the tournament by Goodrich was the product of hard work and perseverance. Few picked Goodrich as the winner of the tournament when it started. Sammy Mandell and Sid Terris were the favorites with Tommy O'Brien and Jack Berostein, boosted strongly as likely winners. Goodrich looked like a filler-in. But Jimmy kept on winning, and although he got the good breaks he is deserving of a heap of praise nevertheless.

No one claims he is a Benny Leonard, but he is as good as any 135-pounder in the world right now. What's more, he will have a lot of confidence now that he's gone through the tournament.

Charlie Murray, the Queensberry A. C. matchmaker, tried hard to match Goodrich with Rocky Kansas and almost succeeded. The hitch came when Goodrich wanted Kansas to come in at 137 pounds, which Rocky refused. Kansas said he didn't care whether he got much money, but he did insist that the match be for the championship.

Murray may yet iron out the wrinkles and get the boys together. Charlie has a way of solving problems and he generally gets what he goes after.

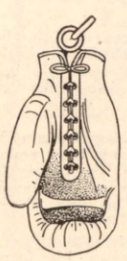
Dave Shade's sensational knockout over Jim Slattery shook Buffalo like an earthquake. Slattery was looked upon here as the new Jim Corbett, a superboxer destined to carry a world's title on his shoulders. No one expected Shade, who has not been knocking out his opponents, to beat Slattery, let alone stop him. But Dave did the unexpected and is now in line for a lot of money.

Slattery went to the mountains after the Shade fight to build up. He returned the other day and looks fine. Possibly the Shade lesson will do him good. Many other great boxers have been knocked out and came back. No reason why Jimmy can't do the same.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's best welterweight, is in California and matched to box Shade August 10. Before these lines are in print the fight will have taken place. Shade and Schoell have met three times. Schoell won the first one in Buffalo and Shade won the last two, one in Omaha and the last in Buffalo.

Schoell has been going great guns on the Coast and may spring a surprise and beat Dave, but the latter will be the favorite in the betting.

Jack Oakes, the colored welterweight star, is boxing in fine form again. He knocked out George Perrotta in 10 rounds at Erie and stopped Mike Carroll in five rounds at Ithaca. He is after the best at 147 pounds—none barred.



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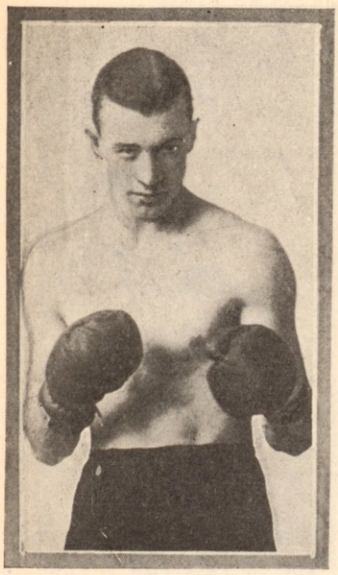
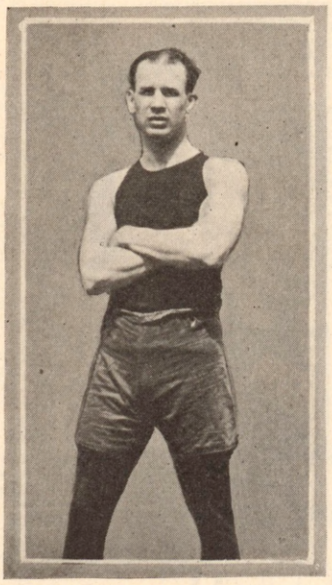
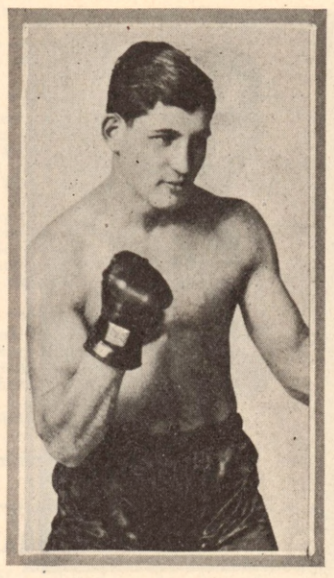


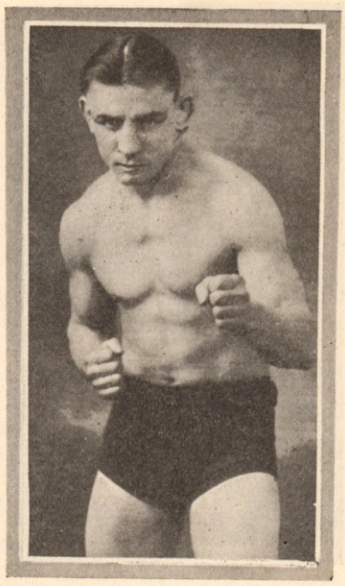
Rusty Jones, lightweight from St. Paul, now in the limelight.



Joe McCabe, veteran globe-trotter, now making his home in Newark, N. J.



Johnny Grosso, young Italian heavyweight from Mount Vernon, N. Y.



Willie Ames, veteran junior lightweight, from Akron, Ohio.

FLORIDA EAST COAST NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Miami, the Magic City, is enjoying its greatest and best season of boxing. Never in local history of leather flinging have such numerous bouts been staged, or has a greater gathering of nose denters ever been assembled in the metropolis of the Palm Tree State. Boxers from every section of the country are gathered here and to keep these battlers busy, Promoter Ed Douglass is running two shows a week and featuring from three to five star 10-rounders per show, not to mention numerous preliminary encounters.

With such a big invasion of knuckle whirlers in Miami, Promoter Douglass has proven himself to be a philanthropist of the first grade. Every Monday and Thursday nights, week in and week out, Douglass comes to the front with bang-up attractions and his gate receipts are ever climbing upward. Today, Miami is boxing "mad." The "gates" are far better than those of the past winter season, paradoxical as this may seem. We attribute this fact to female fans who have taken to the pastime like ducks take to water.

Among the leather pushers who are mingling in encounters and reaping the lucre for their services, are: Artie McCann of Philadelphia, Young Wallace, Joe Cook and Frankie Moran of New Orleans, Johnny Lisse of New York, Jackie Carr, Jimmy Watts and Battling Hood of Atlanta, Young Murphy of St. Paul, Garner John of Tampa, Joe Slovin of the Bronx, N. Y., Anthony Downey of Columbus, Ohio, are but a few of the gang that are either making their first appearance or have returned.

Anthony Corrado, well known manager of Philadelphia, who guides the reins over Ray Mitchell, Pedro Campo and other Quaker City members of the industry, has arrived with the slashing battler Campo. Pedro is booked for several appearances under Promoter Douglass' banner and should go good.

Johnny Donnelly, the sterling miller of Uniontown, Pa., who has met such stars as Rocky Kansas, Joe Tiplitz and others, while tossing leather in the Quaker City, has informed the writer that he will make his entry in Miami, around the first of September.

Hugh Martin, the popular manager of Columbus, Ga., is gathering in the "gelt" with Boots Antley, Kid Earl, Baxter Roper and others from his home town, in the Magic City. Martin keeps his tribe busy.

Dave Friedman, formerly of Chicago, again has his hand in the game. Dave is looking after several good battlers including Garner John, the clever flyweight of Tampa, who made a big smack by kayoing Joe Slovin of the Bronx, N. Y. This was Slovin's first defeat.

"Silent" Jack Teirney has forsaken his former home city of Chicago for the Magic City and is going along merrily with Bogie Saab of Birmingham, Ala., and others that keep the silent one with his trousers neatly pressed. Yet, Jack has some real money these days.

Eddie Maguire, formerly promoter of Atlantic City, has been installed referee in Miami. His work so far has been entirely satisfactory. Up to the time that Maguire entered the ring as a third man, the referee question was in a sorry state.

Jimmy Goldsmith, secretary of the Atlanta (Ga.) Boxing Commission, has apparently deserted Atlanta and his position for Miami. Like all others who have invaded the Magic City, Jimmy fell hard for this burg.

Young Trevor, popular Key West battler again came through with another sensational win, when he defeated Kid Earl of Columbus, Ga. Trevor took the bout on short notice and put up another of his sterling encounters.

Freddy Boorde, who did considerable boxing under Walk Miller's banner, pulled the unexpected recently when he cleverly outboxed Kid Earl. While Earl has met defeat in his encounters in Miami, his work has been very pleasing. Boorde looks like the same clever youngster of a couple of years back.

Chuck Burman, clever Miami flyweight, though defeated by Joe Slovin, recently, received the greatest ovation ever handed a battler in Miami. Burman's great stand, his gameness in going down to defeat, had the crowd on their toes.

Anthony Downey, clever performer of Columbus, Ohio, who recently invaded the East, has returned to his new home, Miami. It is expected that Downey, who is popular hereabouts, will shortly get started.

Dick Baker, star feather of the Magic City, returned to the hempen square recently and scored another kayo over Red Simmons. Baker is booked for several weeks' appearances.

"Baldy" Bergstrom of Stillwater, Minn., has arrived and issued a challenge to all aspiring feathers. Bergstrom is credited with a fairly good record. D. D. "Whitey" Jackson of Stillwater, has the aviator-boxer in tow.

Johnny Darcy of Washington, D. C., manager of Goldie Ahearn, Lou Gugimini and Andy Bowen, all of the Capitol City, paid a flying visit to Miami. Darcy promoted shows in Savannah and is returning to his home city to endeavor to get the game started again in Washington.

Among the interested spectators at the recent shows in Miami, were Carl G. Fisher, Roddy Burdine, Mart German, of the National Cash Register Company, and Mike Kamins, formerly of Brooklyn.

Charley Pittman, clever Macon, Ga., lightie, is the lad Pedro Campo is to mingle with. Dick Baker again goes to the post on the same program.

Jimmy "Hump" Mason, well-known New Orleans trainer of knuckle whirlers, has been making his home in the Magic City and is, as usual, looking after quite a large number of boxers. Jimmy is getting along very nicely, thank you.

With the support of such sport writers as Larry Dailey of the Illustrated Tab, Ralph Perry of The Daily News, Wilbur Back and Alan Richman, both of The Tribune, and the staff of The Morning Herald, the game owes much to these gentlemen for their earnest co-operation and support.

Young Goldie, a Miami youth, should bear watching. Unknown and unheralded, this youth has been coming along winning bout after bout. Goldie looks promising.

Ray Butler the Daytona, Fla., battler is down to the grind again and will shortly get started. Butler, who weights 114 pounds, packs a hefty sock and being a prime local favorite, will receive a warm reception on his return to the ring.

Fans of the east and others connected with the sport will readily recall Joe Gallagher of Philadephia. Joe, who always had the best interests of the game uppermost in his thoughts, is setting on "top o' the world." The silvery voiced announcer and referee, is connected with one of the largest realty concerns in Miami and is fattening his bank roll considerably.

An invasion of New York managers, including "Jersey" Jones, Leo P. Flynn, Billy Gibson and others is expected to arrive in Miami shortly. Gibson of the trio spent considerable time here last winter. This info' has been imparted to the writer on good authority.

The much heralded bout between Bogie Saab, formerly of Birmingham, and Dick Leonard, formerly of Savannah, both now of Miami, terminated in a shade victory for Saab. Bogie was a six to four shot to stop five frames, while Young Wallace out-smarted Bobby Leonard, but failed. Joe Cook kayoed Mike Kelly in Cox. All the bouts were listed for ten frames.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOHNNY HINES

The crowning of Jimmy Goodrich as the lightweight champion brought forth the following article in the Philadelphia papers:

'If Jimmy Goodrich is to be taken as the boss of the lightweights, then Tommy Kid Murphy of Trenton is the next champion, as Tommy certainly displayed a brand of fighting that excels anything that Goodrich has shown in this city. Incidentally, Murphy defeated Eddie Kid Wagner twice. Wagner gave Goodrich a whale of a battle, losing on a questionable decision in the early rounds of the tournament."

Alex Cohan, dapper manager of Tommy West, has several bouts lined up for his charge. The first will probably be with Joey Hicks, better known as Allentown Joe Gans; the second to be with Ray Newman, Jersey City Dutchman. West will probably encounter plenty of trouble with Hicks, but should defeat Newman, who will prove too slow for the Trenton boy.

The announcement that Leo Flynn had been assigned to look after the business affairs of Tommy Murphy was somewhat of a surprise to the local sporting fraternity as it was generally believed that Billy Gibson would land him. Paddy Mullins, pilot of Harry Wills, was also spoken of as the likely selection of the Trenton youngster.

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SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON CEE

The fistic promoters in Texas, the Southwest and in Mexico (Tampico District) have been prospering throughout the hot months, especially the promoters in the territory about San Antonio, Texas. They have been enjoying a lucrative season, as the army posts situated within a radius of a few miles of the Alamo City have been showing high class pug shows to appreciative packed houses.

Captain K. L. Berry, the congenial ex-college football star and now boxing promoter of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, is the big boss of the boxing stronghold of central Texas.

Warrant Officer Jackson, the assistant athletic officer of Kelly Field, Texas, an intermediate United States aero depot seven miles distant from San Antonio, has also been exploiting semi-monthly fistic attractions for the benefit of receptive fans and has been drawing well.

Jack Shelton, veteran promoter of San Antonio, has just about broken even in his promotion enterprises through the summer months. Shelton has been showing his fans some nationally famed talent, though he is unfortunate in having promoted his enterprises in a semi-professional ball field, where it is very easy for non-paying spectators to jump over the fence and view the bouts without the formality of paying the freight. It is very disconcerting to the percentage battlers to battle through a long bout before an immense throng of fans, then check up the house and see it fall short several hundred dollars of what they expected it to be.

Cowboy Padgett, the rough-and-ready hoss wrangling fighter, late of Chicago, has set his sails under a new banner and will hereafter call San Antonio, Texas, his home port. He will fight under the direction of Don Curley, who directs the ring destinies of several star boxers of the Southwest, including the Southern flyweight champion, Kid Pancho Flores, middleweight Chuck Burns, junior welterweight Tommy White of Houston, Jack League, Eighth Corps Aero U. S. Army heavyweight champion, and Rabbit Palmer, the slugging little bond junior lightweight. The dapper Curley is also holding reins on weterweight Jimmy Barrero, and bantamweight Freddie Tinoco, not to mention several other young pugilistic sprouts he has under development who will later be heard from.

Bobby Greene, the hard socking welterweight, late of San Antonio, Texas, is now enjoying a rejuvenating health trip to the West Coast for the purpose of a come-back. His new manager is Jack Payne of San Jose, California.

Shorty Walter, a 115-pound squatty senegambian, rocked his way to five knockouts over five other dusky battle-royalists in the curtain raiser of one of the recent open air boxing shows at Schaub's Field in San Antonio. Walton scored this stupendous feat for one so small in the space of about fifteen minutes. The darktown sheik was showered with many pesos worth of silver when his last opponent fell.

Tommy Ryan, the bantamweight title contender, is on his way back home from California, where he has done a lot of good fighting during the past few months. His last bout was with Vic Foley, Canadian bantamwegiht champion, in the latter's home town, Vancouver. The referee called the match a draw, but Ryan was acclaimed the winner by the fans and press.

Tommy is trying for a match with Rosenberg. He thinks he is a sure winner over Charlie Phil any time they meet.

Willie Cleary, nephew of the old-time welterweight, Paddy Lavin, is showing surprising form for a youngster. He has won four out of five bouts since turning pro.

Bob Holmes, negro middleweight of Newark, N. J., is back in town. Bob is a good fighter and always satisfies.

Johnny Sacco, who is on the Coast with Manager Bert Finch, has been doing fine work out there. He is a young lightweight of promise.

Art Weygand is coming to the front rapidly. He fights Jack Malone here soon and many are picking the young southpaw to win. Weygand is after a match with Jimmy Slattery and hopes to get it this fall.

On July 7, Cowboy Padgett, the ever-willing slugging bronco buster of Dolores, Colorado, made his debut to San Antonio fans and won every round of a twelve-round argument from "Tillie Kid" Herman of California. In the fourth round "Tillie Kid" went through the ropes after a heated exchange of blows and remained on the ground out of the ring for at least a minute, then was helped back within the ropes by his seconds and was permitted to sit and rest for another minute and a half while referee Jack Shelton stood gesticulating in the ring and refused to count Herman out.

Cowboy Padgett got even for not receiving his well-earned knockout over "Tillie Kid" Herman in San Antonio, Texas, on July 7, for in Dallas, Texas, the two were matched again for a ten-round contest before the Elks Club, and on this occasion Padgett scored a six-round knockout, when Herman's seconds threw in the towel after Herman had been on the receiving end of a bad beating from the third round on.

Rabbit Palmer, the well-liked little junior lightweight of San Antonio, who has had many great fights all over the South and West, has recently returned from a highly successful campaign throughout the Republic of Mexico.

Kid Pancho Flores, the original Kid Pancho of San Antonio, Texas, demonstrated that he was the greatest little fighter for his weight and inches who has ever been developed in the Southwest when eh won decisively over Johnny Merino, a junior lightweight, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on July 16.

It was a beautiful sight to see the lightning-fast little fellow stopping the bull-like rushes of the heavier Merino with fast left jabs and right crosses. The three judges and the referee were unanimous in rendering the fifteen-round decision to Kid Pancho. Since March of this year, Kid Pancho Flores has won decisively twelve long contests throughout the South and in Texas and at this time is a much sought after little boxer.

Rafael Del Castillo, who makes matches for the Isabel Arena in Tampico, Mexico, and referees all the main event bouts, has been showing his fans some nationally known boxers by getting most of his talent through the agency of Don Curley of San Antonio, Texas, who maintains a service for the information of boxers desiring work in Mexico. Welterweights, middleweights and light heavyweights are the popular division of boxers now getting work in the Southern Republic around the Tampico District, where the glove sport is in better standing than in any other part of the republic.

Fast Black and Whitey Black, two dusky battlers of Indiana and Michigan fame, have been boxing in the Republic of Mexico with varying success for the past year.

Carlos Garcia, the fast stepping junior lightweight of Tampico, is fast carving his name in the Mexico Hall of Boxing fame. The little fellow has won every bout he has started in and has met many of the good boys from North America. With a little more ring polish, Carlos will make good, should he care to journey into the States.

It is deplorable that in a great state like Texas, where the boxing sport is so well liked and patronized, the game is not legalized and run on a basis such as it is in legalized states, where the various boxing commissions of picked sportsmen see that fairness is dealt out to the boxers, their handlers, the promoters and especially to the fans, those who pay the freight.

Unfairness in the outlaw boxing states is especially seen where a promoter is allowed to do his own matchmaking and referee his own show.

North Texas cities are taking to the glove sport and several are holding weekly shows, which are reported to be drawing well. Dallas, Brackenridge, Waco, Paris and Wichital Falls, Texas, are paying the boys fairly good purses.

Tommy White, the lightweight champion of Mexico, who recently represented Mexico in the New York lightweight elimination tournament and was retired through the fault of an infected nose, is back in Texas and going good around North Texas, where he is fighting twice per week and winning every start. Since his return from New York in the latter part of May, White whipped himself back jnto condition after his lay-off and during the month of June and July he won six bouts. From this writing it begins to appear that no welterweight in Texas, Oklahoma or Mexico is clever enough to tag it on the Houston junior welterweight.

Pat Corbett said he'd do it. Pat didn't, because Tommy gave Patsie a good trimming on July 7 at Wichita Falls. Then they turned the socking Duke Tramell loose on White, July 11. Tommy made Dukie look like a monkey. Two days later at Dallas, Texas, Harry "Dago" Ryan was beaten, then Ryan whipped Sid Young of Tulsa and Kid Rich of Oklahoma.

Duke Tramell, the high school kid of Wichita Falls, Texas, looks mighty good for a boy of his experience.

Negotiations have been started at this writing through the New York State Athletic Commission office to have Kid Pancho Flores of San Antonio entered in the flyweight elimination tournament in New York if such is ordered.

Big Jim St. Clair, the Waco, Texas, mountain of meat, was sliced and chopped down to a hamburger size by Jack Spence, the promising San Antonio heavyweight, on July 21, at Schaub's Field. St. Clair lasted just one minute and twenty seconds, or about four punches. This makes the second quick victory for Spence, as he previously beat Big Jack Lynch of California.

Jack Spence is at this writing matched for another run-in against Jack League of Fort Sam Houston for an August 4 bout of twelve rounds in San Antonio.

Chuck Burns, the outstanding star of the middleweight division of Texas, who returned here from New York in June after a successful number of battles around Waterbury, Conn., and New York, was taken to Tampico, Mexico, for two twelve-round bouts. He won both. In his first contest at Tampico, the Oil City of Mexico, Burns won on a foul in the sixth round from Whitey Black, the Detroit, Mich., darky fighter. They have been rematched.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WEATHERBEE

Maine featherweights have had a lively month of it. Jimmy (Kid) Rice still holds the title, but Lou Lambert has moved to second place with 6 round victories over Tommy Flourant at Biddeford on July 16, and Newport Johnny Brown at Portland. Biddeford's other hope, Steve Travers, came back in his own home town, decisively defeating his conqueror, Joey Ross, of Lynn. Lou Bedell drppped one to tough Bobby Mays.

Kid Stanchfield of Milo, moved closer to the head of the class at Milo on July 10, when he knocked out Eddie Polo of Waterville. Polo, ex-New England flyweight champ, was attempting a comeback, but the rangy young bantam-feather ended it all with a right to the tummy. Polo hollered "foul" but Bat Woodman counted him out.

Cyclone St. Louis, Tarzan of Maine rings, continues to clout his way through the welterweight class. Young Tommy Bergin of Lewiston, drew a terrific beating in six rounds with Cyclone at Sangerville, while Fighting Ireland, champion of Portland, lasted almost two rounds with the Old Town sensation at Bangor, making only a dozen ring battles to Cyclone's credit.

St. Louis is the "Local Ring Idol" that Bangor has needed so long. If Manager Jack Shumway continues to bring him along carefully, the Old Town boy, with his good right hand and great fighting heart, will be among the best in a year or two. He improved 100% during his stay in Boston.

Georgie Bulduc, Lewiston featherweight, is fighting with succcess in New York. Georgie beat Sam Goodman in the semi-final at the Ridgewood Sporting Club recently.

Vic Richardson, of Boston, dropped into Bangor the other day and deposited 250 "wheezes" with Larry Smythe of the News to be used as a forfeit or a side bet that his boy, Tony Carney of New Bedford, can lick Tony Mandell in 12 rounds. And Ike Woods, managing Johnny Ryan, the Boston boy who K.O.ed Tommy Fleurant, says his lad will guarantee to stop Mandell early. Looks like a couple of good bouts for Bangor or Portland, as Mandell is about the most popular boy around here.

Billy Hindly, the London bantamweight, made good his first American bout by a clean cut victory over Jimmy (Kid) Rice in Portland, July 22.

Charley Ray of Philadelphia, outpointed Corp. Izzy Schwartz of New York in 12 rounds at E. Bennet's show at the Chateau on July 13. Referee Jimmy Conners declared the boys were not trying and twice stopped the bout in the first six. The fans were with the fighters, however, and Dunc McDonald officiated in the last six thrilling cantos. Ray swarmed all over Izzy and won by a good margin. Another financial failure chalked up against the promoters. Too bad the fans won't support boxing.

Bing Conley, state title holder at 160 and 175 lbs., got a cut over his eye and had to call off his bout with Sunny Jim, the westerner, in Boston. The Lewiston Irishman is in great condition and has improved since his close battles with Jackie Clarke and Jimmy Darcey.

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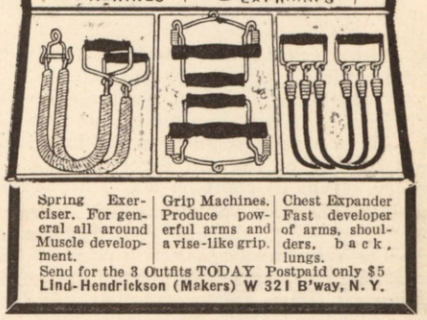

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Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Oscar Pozzoboni, N. Y. C.

Q.—(1) Who was the heavyweight champion in 1890? (2) Middleweight, 1890? (3) Welterweight, 1894? (4) Lightweight, 1890? (5) Featherweight, 1892? (6) Bantamweight, 1890? (7) Flyweight, 1890?

A.—The tougher the questions, the better we like 'em. So here goes. (1) John L. Sullivan. (2) George La Blanche. (3) Tommy Ryan. (4) Jack McAuliffe. (5) George Dixon. (6) George Dixon. (7) Not recognized until 1911.

Herbert Brandow, an amateur boxer, Phila, Pa.

Q.—Where can I get in touch with Johnny Kilbane? What is he doing?

A.—Cleveland, Ohio. Selling real estate.

Alexander Baraglia, New Britain, Conn.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Al Delmont and Kid Murphy? What are their correct names and where were they born?

A.—Alfredo Delmonte, Italy; Pietro Frascella, Trenton, N. J.

Ted Siki, Salem, Ore.

Q.—I like to box and would like to be a professional boxer, but my parents object. What would you advise me to do?

A.—Excuse us. Use your own judgment.

A follower of THE RING, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—(1) Who are the three cleverest from this list: Frankie Genaro, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Kid Kaplan and Mike Ballerino? (2) Who are the five most scientific fighters from this bunch: Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Johnny Drew, Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Eddie (Cannonball) Martin, Ruby Goldstein, Willie Harmon, Joe Silvers, Tony Travers, Mickey Travers, Abe Goldstein and Eddie Shea? (3) What was Sam Langford's fighting weight?

A.—(1) Genaro, Rosenberg and Kaplan. (2) Ruby Goldstein, Abe Goldstein, Rosenberg, Kaplan and Drew. (3) 200 pounds.

T. A. B. Scranton, N. Y. C.

Q—(1) Did Frankie Schoell ever fight Dave Shade and what was the result? (2) What are the nationalities of Jimmy Slattery and Harry Greb?

A.—Yes. Shade won in ten rounds. They fought again on the coast on the day we went to press. (2) Irish and German-American, respectively.

Dan Kenny, N. Y. C.

Q.—Did George Dixon ever fight a man named Dan Dough from Harlem? What was the result?

A.—No.

George Altberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Has Dave Shade ever been knocked out? Do you think he is a better fighter than Willie Harmon? What is his nationality?

A.—No. Yes. Irish-American.

Albert James McAuly, Astoria, L. I.

Q.—Was there a fighter by the name of Harry Fischer about eighteen years ago?

A.—Have a faint recollection of him. He is not in any of the old record books. If memory serves us right he was a fifth-rater.

O'Donnell B. Gallagher, Huntington, W. Va.

Q.—(1) Where was Jake Kilrain born and when? (2) Did Terry McGovern ever fight Battling Nelson? Where did the fight take place and when? Who was the winner and in what round? (3) Where was Stanley Ketchel born and when?

A.—(1) Greenpoint, L. I., Feb. 9, 1859. (2) Yes. Philadelphia, March 14, 1906. Six rounds, no-decision. (3) Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 14, 1887.

Benny Murray, Fresno, Cal.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of the original Young Griffo, Nonpariel Jack Dempsey and Packey McFarland? (2) Is there a fighter by the name of Gene Watson who holds decisions over Johnny Dundee?

A.—(1) Australian, Irish-Americans. (2) No.

Cap James, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—(1) What is Gene Tunney's nationality? (2) How old was Dempsey when he won the title? (3) Where was John C. Heenan born and did he get a decision over John L. Sullivan? (4) How much money has Mickey Walker made since he dethroned Jack Britton?

A.—(1) Irish-American. (2) Twenty-four. (3) West Troy, N. Y. They never fought. (4) Nearly $75,000.

P. L. M., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Did Jimmy Jones ever fight Mickey Walker and what was the result?

A.—Yes. Nine rounds, no contest.

WE STAND CORRECTED

Francis Albertanti, staff writer, pulled two "bones" in the August issue of THE RING. Otherwise the number was perfect and one of the best ever published.

In his "From Rags to Riches—or the Rapid Rise to Wealth of Jimmy Goodrich," a most interesting story, he took what is familiarly known in Tin Ear circles as a "desperado." He figured that the final bout between Goodrich and Stanislaus Loayza in the lightweight elimination tournament would go the limit of fifteen rounds.

Much to Albertanti's surprise Goodrich stopped the South American after thirty-five seconds of the second round. The contest was held at the Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, July 14, two days after THE RING went to press. In victory, Goodrich was acclaimed as Benny Leonard's successor in the lightweight division.

In his Questions and Answers column, Albertanti was asked:

"Were Jimmy Slattery and Young Stribling ever knocked out?" His answer was: "No." He is not so much to blame for this. The question was answered weeks before Dave Shade flattened Slattery on the recent Italian Hospital Fund card and unfortunately was not corrected before being placed in the last issue. THE EDITOR.

A Reader, N. Y. C.

Q.—(1) Does the manager or boxer pay for the training and travelling expenses when there is a thirty-three and one-third percentage cut? (2) What do you think of teaching boxing by correspondence?

A.—(1) Hard to tell; usually the manager. (2) Very good.

F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who is the matchmaker of the Coney Island Stadium?

A.—John Leon.

John Daly, N. Y. C.

Q.—What is the nationality of Charlie Pilkington? Is he fighting any more.

A.—Irish-American. Yes in Australia.

Milton Robertson, Ontario, Can.

Q.—Do the following pitch, write and do everything with their left hands: Lew Tendler, Danny Kramer, Johnny Wilson, Frankie Genaro, Kid McCoy, Tiger Flowers, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Charley White, George (K. O.) Chaney and Paul Berlenbach?

A.—The only southpaws are Tendler, Kramer, Wilson, White.

J. A. V., N. Y. C.

Q.—(1) At what age can you enter the amateurs? (2) How many fights must you have to enter professional ranks? (3) At what age to enter professional ranks?

A.—(1) Sixteen with consent of parents. (2) None. (3) Seventeen.

Danny Daniels, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What are the nationalities of Sid Terris, King Soloman and Babe Ruth? (2) In the fight between Bobby Wallace and Jack Hausner in 1922, until the time that Wallace was knocked out who was winning?

A.—(1) Hebrew, Greek or Syrian, Italian. (2) Hausner.

Charlie Nash, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Up to the time that Leonard fouled Jack Britton, who was winning? (2) If Leonard met Joe Gans, who in your opinion would have won? (3) Are Joe Choynski and Joe Jeanette still alive? (4) Who do you think are the greatest fly, feather, light, welter, middle and heavyweights of all time? (5) If Choynski was active in the ring now do you think he could beat Renault, Godfrey, Wills, Gibbons, Tunney, Weinert, Soloman and Jack Dempsey?

A.—(1) Britton. (2) Gans. (3) Yes. (4) Jimmy Wilde, George Dixon, Joe Gans, Joe Walcott, Bob Fitzsimmons, John L. Sullivan. (5) All with the exception of Wills and Dempsey.

R. McWilliams, Quebec, Canada.

Q.—Did Pal Moore ever fight Pancho Villa and what was the result.

A.—No.

Alex Schifren, New York City.

Q.—(1) Was Lew Paluso ever knocked out? (2) Was Frankie Genaro ever knocked out? (3) Was Walter Brooks a good fighter?

A.—(1) No. (2) No. (3) Third rater.

I. Reiss, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What nationality is Jack Britton? (2) How old is Jack Bernstein and how tall is he? (3) What nationality is Benny Rothwell?

A.—(1) Irish. (2) Twenty-seven years, five feet four and one-half inches. (3) Hebrew.

V. Kuikorian, Fresno, Cal.

Q.—Has Sid Barbarian ever fought any of the following—Charlie White, Freddie Welsh, Lew Tendler, Sailor Friedman, Ever Hammer, Johnny Dundee, Jack Bernstein, Rocky Kansas and Pinky Mitchell? What were the results? Has Barbarian ever been knocked out? How many fights has he had, how many k. o.'s and decisions in his favor? Is he considered one of the hardest hitting lightweights?

A.—No. No. No. Yes, ten rounds no-decision. No. Yes, ten rounds no-decision. Yes, won, twelve rounds. Yes, draw, ten rounds. Yes, ten rounds, no-decision. No. Sixty, nine, six. No.

John J. Bulwidas, Elizabeth, N. J.

Q.—What distance is a fighter permitted to go at the age of eighteen?

A.—Six rounds.

Ted Murphy, New Bedford, Mass.

Q.—(1) Is Bobby Garcia, Portugese? (2) What nationality is Dave Shade? (3) Are there any Portugese boxers in New York besides Joe Souza and Babe Herman?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) American. (3) Yes.

Johnny Hays, Danbury, Conn.

Q—(1) Will one yeast cake a day affect a boxer in any way? (2) Who are some of the greatest American, Irish, Italian and German boxers that ever lived? (3) Do you think Packey McFarland was a great boxer and fighter?

A.—(1) Bad if he is making weight. (2) John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Tom Sharkey, Mike and Tom Gibbons, Gene Tunney, Dave Shade, Jock Malone, Jack Britton, Mickey Walker, Ritchie Mitchell, Willie Ritchie, Joe Lynch, Jack McAuliffe; Johnny Dundee, Pete Herman, Frankie Genaro; Harry Greb, Joe Welling, Gus Ruhlin, Frank Klaus. (To mention all names would fill a couple of books.) (3) Yes.

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